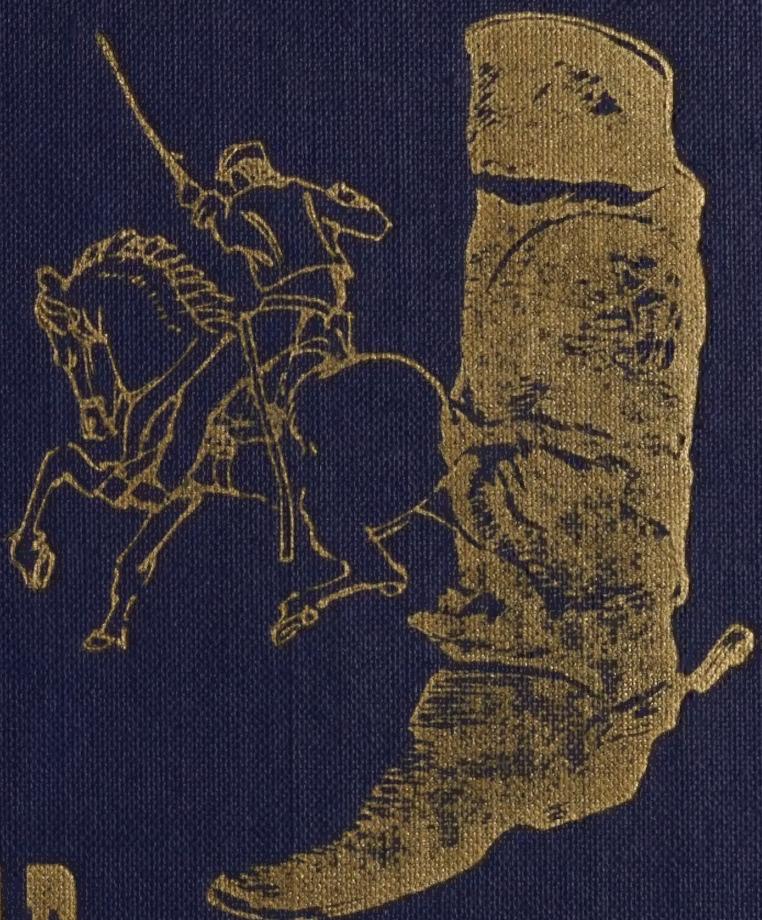
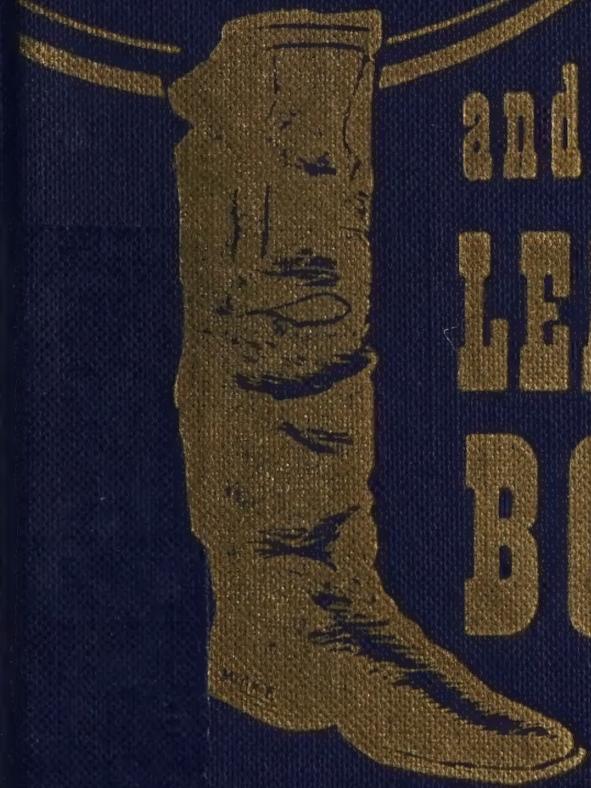


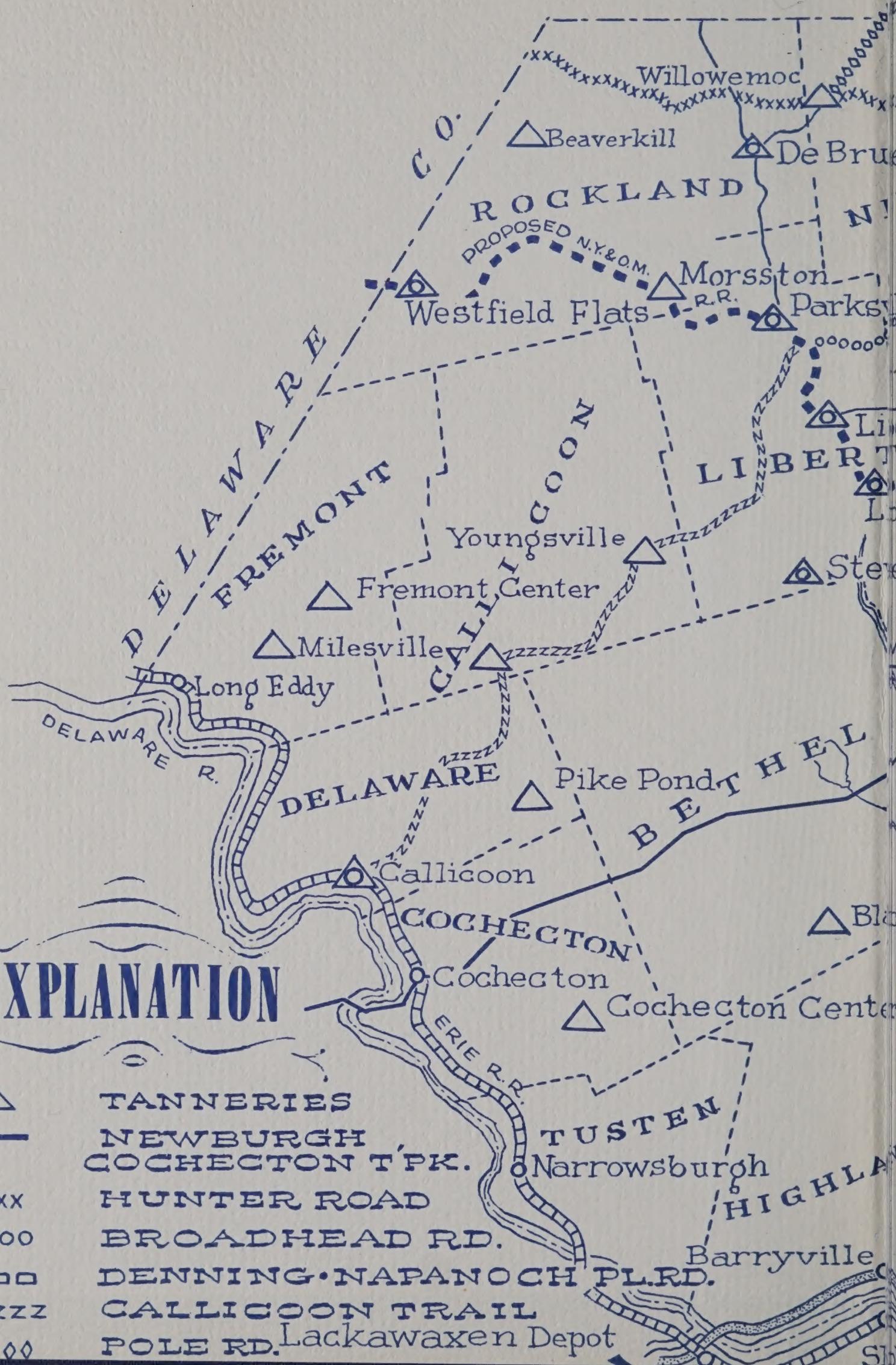


BRASS BUTTONS

and
LEATHER
BOOTS



SULLIVAN COUNTY and the CIVIL WAR



CIVIL WAR SULLIVAN COUNTY

1861 • 1865



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BRASS BUTTONS and LEATHER BOOTS

BRASS BUTTONS . . . glistening from Pleasant Pond to Peach Tree Creek, from Neversink to Allatoona Pass, from Cochecton to Chattanooga, symbolizing the patriotism, the sentiment and emotion of the United States in her darkest, finest hours of travail--

LEATHER BOOTS . . . gleaming from Grahamsville to bloody Resaca, from Liberty to Lookout Mountain, from Bloomingburg to Atlanta--red leather from the Catskills--symbolizing how Union was won with industry based upon great natural resources--

This book is number 587
of a limited first edition of 2,000 copies.

PUBLISHED NOVEMBER, 1963 BY
Sullivan County Civil War Centennial Commission
of the
Sullivan County, N. Y. Historical Society

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William J. Hicks
Middletown

This book
is respectfully dedicated
to the memory
of the
officers and men
of the 143rd New York
Volunteer Infantry Regiment
and the county of
their origin,
Sullivan

New York
Jan 1963



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This book has been prepared by the

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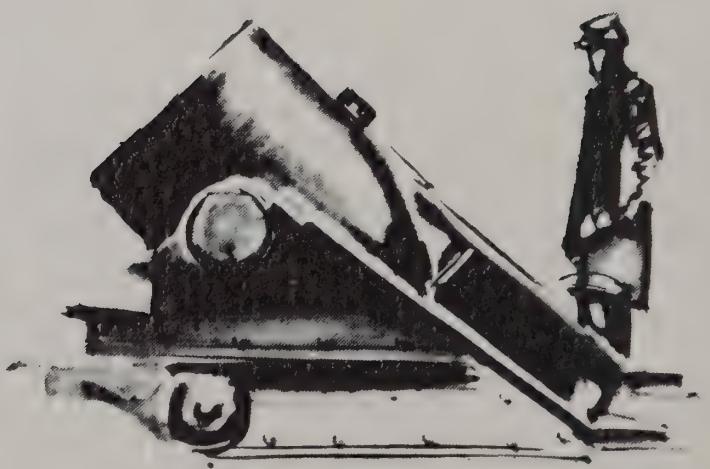
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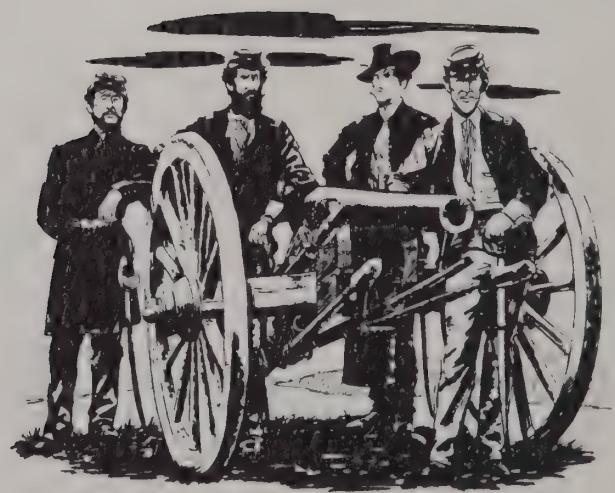
INTRODUCTION

JUSTICE LAWRENCE H. COOKE
NEW YORK STATE SUPREME COURT

Here, for the first time, is the record of the men of Sullivan County in the Civil War. "Brass Buttons and Leather Boots" vividly portrays their efforts during the epic years of 1861-65, both at their battle stations and in the forests and at the tanneries. It is a picture of America with its light focused brightly on a part of it.

The Sullivan County Civil War Centennial Commission should be mighty proud of this production. Not only is it permeated with a warm human touch and color of the period, but it reflects real industry and scholarship. The sturdy souls who march across its pages will not be forgotten -- nor will "Brass Buttons and Leather Boots."

Lawrence H. Cooke.
Lawrence H. Cooke
Monticello, N.Y.





The WIDER VIEW

BY ROBERT DICE

There are innumerable moving elements of the Civil War. It was fought long ago and far away, in times of elemental passions, but still today many people feel a personal attachment to this American tragedy.

Many of the documents and memories of Sullivanites in the 1860's are carefully hidden, jealously guarded and treasured, for the holders are afraid to share them for fear that someone might make light humor out of why Grandpa rode off to enlist without saying "Goodbye."

But no one, even now, can hear the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" without being aroused . . . and no one will deny that he is thrilled by the Gettysburg Address.

And tears still flow for the overwhelming awfulness of it all; a war of brothers, fathers and sons, a conflict of solid absolutes, of ideologies fought even here, in Sullivan County homes.

Think of these figures for a graphic illustration; 987 men of the Ulster Guard rallied to Old Glory and Father Abraham in October 1862 (led by Colonel Gideon E. Bushnell, of Claryville). In February 1864 there were only 161 survivors. More than half of the 20th who went to Gettysburg gave of their lives on that field.

Think of the personal conflict; three Sullivan grandsons were denied their right to go and fight by a grandfather who insisted they stay home and paid \$1200 to bounty men to keep his beloved grandsons alive and from helping "black Republican" Lincoln. Three Sullivan grandsons had to fight back their tears of regret and frustration, had to be forever branded, in their own eyes at least, as traitors. Their grandchildren still remember and are deeply ashamed. Their great-grandchildren will never know! This story was repeated many times and in many places.

These youths were brought up to be resourceful, brave, freedom loving, courageous, strong, God-fearing. Even at fourteen, some of them were mature men. Many even younger went off beating the military quickstep on the regimental drums. Their eyes saw glory!

Some would even break the closest family ties without a goodbye. Allen Dean while mowing in a meadow one day hung up his scythe and walked away from his wife and new baby. Another handsome youngster rode away on a horse his father must have prized highly . . . and was never heard from again. Two Hinkleys, John Sr. and John Jr., father and son, deserted the 156th at New Orleans and went on to the Arizona territory. Regimental records say simply . . . "died." At home were wife and mother and the other children to be "farmed out" on the neighborhood.

Many of these men were veterans of the vicious anti-rent war of the 1840's, the war of the tenant farmer and the absentee landlords, the war of the settlers against the government. Very few had been in the Mexican conflict of 1849.

What nationality were they? Americans . . . York-Staters . . . Sullivanites. A sizeable chunk of Sullivan County's town of Neversink had gone to Shandaken of Ulster when Sullivan and Shandaken were created in 1809. Denning had been taken from Shandaken in 1849. Hardenbergh from Denning in 1859. Our story really includes the town of Denning, of today, as it was a part of Neversink and all the lands drained along our northern borders by the Beaverkill, Willowemoc, Neversink and Rondout.

These were hickory-tough lads, these men who went South to fight, grandsons of the doughty misfits who fought from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, griping every regimented step of the way. They were great-grandsons of the veterans of the French and Indian Wars. Some knew only a vague first name for their Indian grandfathers. Some were recent refugees from Old World tyrannies.

New York in 1861 had a weak governor, Edwin D. Morgan, who tried to hold the word-warring factions together. New York City's mayor, J. Fernando Wood, even suggested secession. But Col. George W. Pratt, son of Zadok the Prattsville tanner, led the 20th New York State Militia south in April 1861, and was fatally wounded at Manassas, April 30, 1862.

Financially speaking, New York had a lot to lose if war developed. The southerner owed much money. A famous name in these parts, Cornelius DuBois, was a leading Copperhead, the party that was anti-Lincoln, pro-secession, anti-war. Harriet Beecher Stowe, John Brown and Jay Gould gave their own brand of distinction and deviltry to the New York of a century ago. Albert B. and Linus B. Babcock were Gould's first cousins. They were Beaverkill tanners. Two of Mrs. Etowe's brothers lived happy hermits' lives at our Beecher Lake. Jay Gould's grandson, Kingdon, would one day build a gem of a country estate in the Beaverkill valley above Turnwood.

Actually, New York State went against Lincoln by a 30,000 majority, even though he was elected partly on the strength of his Cooper Union address! Antislavery meetings in the city were broken up by violence and New York City's streets ran with blood during the several days of the Draft Riots, in the same month that other New Yorkers were dying near the quiet little Pennsylvania town of Gettysburg.

Nathan Weiss, the Sullivan County Historian of 1960, tells us that Quinlan, editor of the Monticello Republican Watchman, favored a compromise peace during the Civil War. A former Hunker Democrat, and during the war a Peace Democrat, Quinlan was frequently charged with Copperheadism.

On one occasion, the local Unionists were alleged to have threatened to burn down Quinlan's newspaper if he did not desist. Those were the days when the freedom of speech was practiced without restraint. When word of this plan reached Quinlan's supporters in the back country, they let it be known that they would retaliate by burning down the local Republican newspaper.

Democrats patrolled the streets of Monticello to guard the Watchman office against violence. Ben Reynolds, later a Union officer and prisoner in Andersonville, spread the rumor that gunpowder was planted under the floor of the Watchman office, gunpowder which would blow any trespassers to Kingdom Come.

Eventually Quinlan retired from his editorship under pressure from his friends who feared that injury might be done him if he remained on the job.

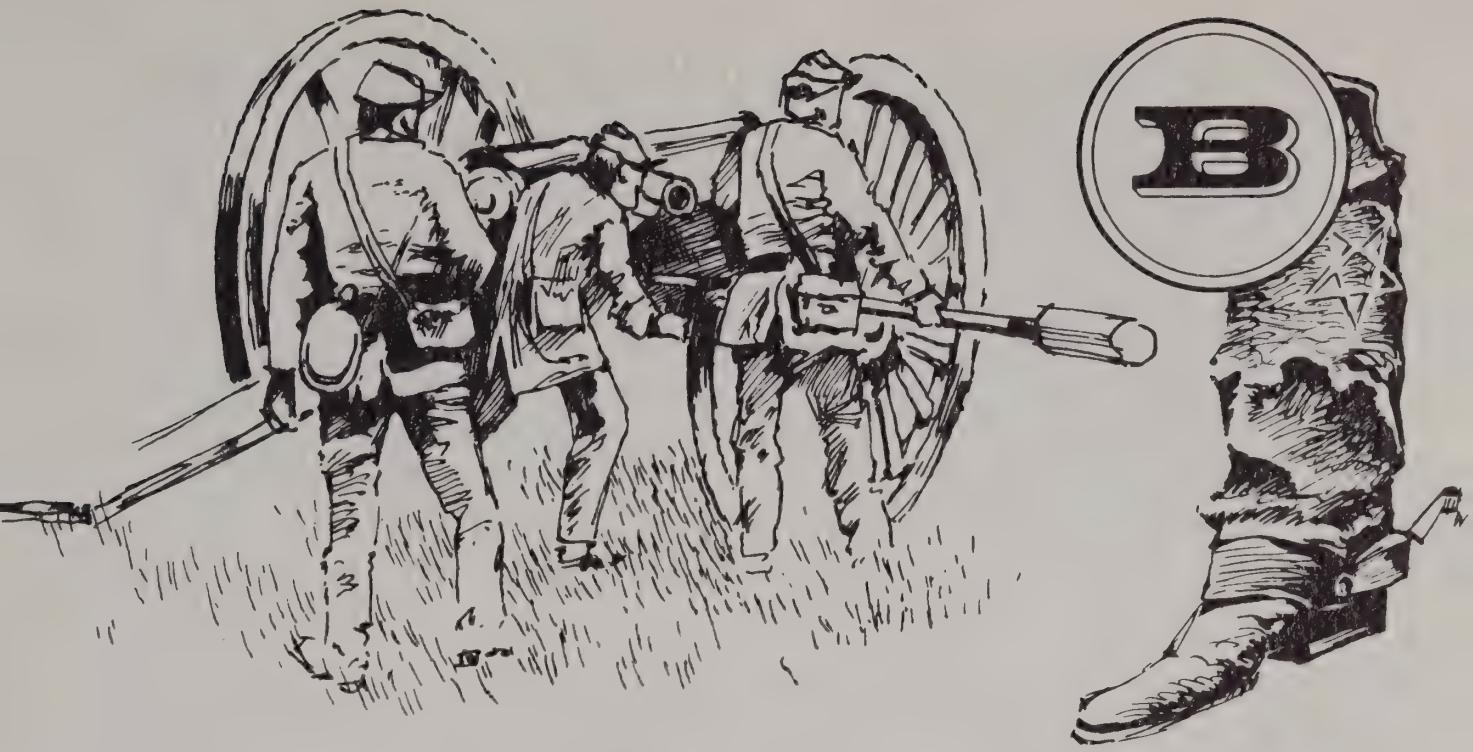
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This is the wider view of the Catskills and the Civil War, the Catskills which are now the vacation resort of millions, partly because of the Civil War. This is a story of people! Not just dates and names and places signifying nothing memorable . . . but people, fighting, loving, laughing and dying.



From the tanneries, down the turnpikes Johnny Reb and Billy Yank were joined by Sammy Sullivan in 1861. He hadn't matured, but neither had the nation. Both would grow up. Their eyes saw glory--

In brass buttons and leather boots, some would come back, but some would never return . . .



THEIR EYES SAW GLORY

BY DR. NATHAN WEISS

Many men from the Delaware Valley area, such as Cochecton, marched and fought with Minnesota regiments. Captain William Henry Newman, born at Buck Brook and eventually buried at North Branch, medal of honor winner, served with the 86th Regiment, New York Infantry, but began his Civil War career with the 1st Regiment, Excelsior Brigade, New York Infantry which became the 70th.

In the War of '61 - '65, possibly because most of these men hadn't been Sullivanites very long, our residents served in so many regiments, fought in many battles, died in many prison camps; we can't begin to give you as complete a listing of who, what, when, where and how as we might like, as we certainly can't tell you entirely why!

The men of the 120th fought from Fredericksburg to Gettysburg, August 22nd, 1862 to June 3rd, 1865 and lost 190 at Gettysburg. Capt. Daniel Gillette of DeWittsville (now upper Claryville) led Company E.

The 56th, the Tenth Legion, went from Ulster, Sullivan and Orange to fight under Brig. Gen. Charles H. Van Wyck from Lees Mills to Dingle Mills, including bloody White Oak Swamp. Van Wyck of Bloomingburg, had been District Attorney of Sullivan from 1850 to 1856, and was our Representative in Congress from 1858 to 1863. The Tenth Legion was from the Tenth Congressional District.



Officers of the 143rd NYVI Regiment at Headquarters outside Atlanta, 1864.

Samuel Durland, born in Monticello on October 4, 1840, enlisted in 10th Ind. Battery N. Y. Vol. Lt. Artillery on February 4, 1862. Mr. Durland was engaged in the Battle of Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Fredericksburg and saw duty in the Shenandoah Valley. *

William E. Pomeroy, born in Fallsburgh in 1843, served under Capt. Gillette through 19 battles, including the Wilderness and Chancellorsville, then was transferred to Battery K, 4th U. S. Artillery.

The 80th dropped 323 men at the second battle of Bull Run. The 20th, under Col. Bushnell, formerly the 245th NYS militia under Col. Fiero, was the first to go as the "The Ulster Guard" under Col. George W. Pratt. 987 men went in, during the year 1861. 161 men and 8 officers were alive in February 1864 when they enjoyed a 35 day furlough.

In the early days of the Civil War, the Billy Yank of the North had little in common with his Southern counterpart . . . except the chance of getting killed.

The northern troops were poorly trained, poorly equipped and poorly fed. Billy Yank of the Union Army was drilled under a system that dated back to 1835. His rifle was a musket, not much more efficient than the ones used in the Revolution. No two units had exactly the same uniform, and many of the officers were incompetent political hacks who paraded around in showy uniforms and sometimes never went near their regiments.

The Union buck private made 11 dollars a month to start with. Later in the war his salary was raised to 13 dollars. But he had one advantage . . . at first he only had to serve three months. This was fine for the individual but demoralizing to northern war strategy. There's one case on record in which an artillery unit walked out in the middle

* Complete obituary found in appendices.

of a battle because all its enlistments had expired. And in other cases entire regiments were given the nation's highest decoration, the Medal of Honor, simply for re-enlisting.

Nearly 200,000 Union troops deserted during the war . . . there were southern desertions, too, but not nearly as many.

Ignorance of hygiene and common sanitation caused greater losses than combat . . . one authority says there were 100 men sidelined by illness to every 25 wounded.

Training and discipline can be judged by this official statistic: after the battle of Gettysburg, 24,000 loaded muskets were picked up at random: Only one-fourth were loaded correctly and half of them contained a double charge.

Things improved for the northern soldier as they declined for the Confederate. In fairness, it must be pointed out that by the end of the war, the average Union G-I was a whale of a lot better trained and equipped than he was during the first three years when he was a prime example of the evils of National unpreparedness.

Sullivan County men went off with the Hancock regiment, the 144th, with the 15th Engineers, the 127th, the 30th, the 1st Engineers, the 129th, the 93rd, the 18th, the 33rd . . . and Sullivan's own regiment, the 143rd in 1862.

The 156th marched into the fray in November 1862 . . . got out in October 1865 after shooting rebels and dying from rebel bullets over at Bisland, Port Hudson, Mansura, Opequa, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek in the Shenandoah Valley.

The 56th record . . . "Lee's Mills, Williamsburg, Honey Hill, John's Island and Devaux Neck, S. C. . . . White Oak Swamp, Fair Oak, Siege of Yorktown, Chicahominy, Coosahatchie, S. C., Malvern Hill, Carter's Hill, Va., Bottom's Ridge, Dingle's Mills, S. C., etc."

The 56th and 156th were raised in Ulster, Orange, Sullivan, Greene and Richmond, respectively.

The 120th was mustered into the Union Army August 22, 1862 and out June 3, 1865 and came predominately from Ulster and Greene. Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, Wilderness, North Anna, Toloptomey, Cold Harbor, Boyston Road, Strawberry Plains, Deep Bottom, Poplar Spring Church, Petersburg, and Gettysburg were its proudly displayed battle stars.

The Tenth Legion, the 56th, actually consisted of the 56th Regiment of Infantry, the 7th and 8th independent batteries and company C and D of the First Regiment of New York Mounted Rifles.



Photo courtesy of Elmer H. Lemon

BOYS FROM BETHEL LEAVING FOR THE CIVIL WAR IN 1864.

John T. Scott drove this contingent to the railroad station.

Back Row: (l. to r.), John T. Scott (driver), J. Hendricks, J. Stanton, A. Predmore and W. Thayer.

Center Row: (l. to r.) --, French, W. Smith and L. Linson

Front Row: (l. to r.) H. Suter, J. Hendricks, J. Jackson and R. Brown.
J. Fitzgerald is lying down.

SULLIVAN COUNTY IN THE CIVIL WAR

The 143rd New York Volunteer Infantry Regiment

BY DR. NATHAN WEISS

* * *



BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL
HORACE BOUGHTON

WE ARE COMING FATHER ABRAHAM

From the border wars of the colonial era to the Korean conflict, Sullivan County men have fought, suffered, and often died to preserve our heritage of freedom. The Civil War was no exception. At the outset of the struggle between the States, individual Sullivanites enlisted in units raised outside the County. Hence, during the first year of the war, 1861, Sullivan County did not have its own distinct military organization. The course of national events soon altered this, for in July 1862, following Gen. McClellan's failure to capture Richmond in the bloody Seven Days Battle and his subsequent withdrawal to the James River, Lincoln issued a call for 300,000 additional troops. Responding to the call of "Father Abraham," in August of 1862, authority was obtained to raise a regiment in Sullivan, to be known as the 143rd New York Volunteer Infantry. Unable to fill its full table of organization in this county, Sullivan County was then as now a sparsely populated area, the local officials were compelled to add two companies from Tompkins County. Notwithstanding this, the 143rd was predominantly a Sullivan outfit. The regiment established its bivouac, Camp Holley, at Pleasant Lake (now known as Kiamesha), on the shore opposite the one where now stands the beautiful Concord Hotel. Ironically, the encampment derived its name from John C. Holley, an eminent local citizen originally slated to command the unit but who had been turned down by the County's War Committee because he lacked professional military experience. Rejecting an alternative proposal to act as second in command, Holley severed all connections with the 143rd. Nevertheless, the camp site still bears his name.

On October 8, 1862, the Regiment was mustered into Federal service. Its first commander was a seasoned West Pointer, Colonel David P. DeWitt, who originally hailed from Hoboken, New Jersey. Other officers included Lt. Colonel Horace Boughton, he was later to command the 143rd) and Major Joseph B. Taft who was destined to die on a bloodstained battle field in Tennessee.* Examination of the Regiments records also reveals the names of many families - Conklin, Hardenburgh, Meyers, Stratton, Cauthers, Atwell - who are still active in Sullivan County affairs today.

To quarter and feed the troops, barracks and a cookhouse were erected. As is so frequently the case in armies made up of civilian soldiers, the boys soon became discontented with their rations, an especially sore point being the lack of fresh butter. Their irritation reached the exploding point when a rumor swept the cantonment that one company had obtained a supply of fresh butter without a corresponding increase for the remaining companies. Hundreds of lusty throats now took up the cry of "butter, butter." Soon tin plates were being hurled out of the cookhouse window. The final brouhaha came when the irate soldiers tore the boards off the roof of the cookhouse and heaved them into the lake. Needless to say, improvement in the food was soon forthcoming. It is rumored that the food in the area of Kiamesha has been excellent ever since!

On October 9, after much fanfare and many lengthy speeches, the regimental colors were presented. The following day the pike sounded to the tramp of marching feet, as Sullivan's 143rd began the long journey which would last for three years and take them through some of the bloodiest fighting in the Great Rebellion. Of the 10007 men who departed, that day, 187 would never see their native hills again. The immediate objective of the regiment was Middletown, where it was to entrain for New York City. By nightfall the troops had reached Wurtsboro, and there, after being liberally plied with food and drink by the generous citizenry, they



ADJUTANT
WILLIAM M. RATCLIFF

*Taft was driven out of Texas for Union sympathy and came to Sullivan, for he knew Judge Low through military education, but where he learned it is unknown.

finally settled down to spend the night in the barns and sheds. Resuming the march the following morning, the unit eventually reached Middletown where they boarded a train for New York. The train trip was not without mishap, for near Paterson, New Jersey, an accident occurred which resulted in the death of two soldiers and the injury of eight or nine others. To add insult to "injury," two fainthearted recruits took advantage of the confusion to desert.

Upon reaching New York, the men quartered in City Hall Square. Despite the fact that the area was surrounded by provost guards - a precaution employed in those days to prevent a last minute change of heart - several of the "boys from the County" were able to slip through the iron cordon to see the sights of the big city. Although most returned, a few who were left behind when the unit pulled out had to be enrolled in the morning report as deserters. The Regiment left New York City on October 13, going by boat to Perth Amboy, New Jersey, and thence by railroad to Washington.

Initially assigned the task of participation in the defense of the national capital - the 143rd was attached to Abercombie's Division - the late Autumn of 1862 found the Sullivan unit engaged in drilling, fatigue detail, and picket duty in and around Upton Hill, Virginia.

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

What appeared to be the 143rd's first chance to see action, came on December 28, 1862 when rebel cavalry under General "Jeb" Stuart was reported moving up for an attack. Orders were given at 10:30 P.M. for the 143rd to prepare for combat. At midnight a brigade consisting of the 122nd NY, 144th NY, and the 143rd NY moved down a road leading to Fairfax Courthouse, Virginia. As they approached Fairfax, the tension mounted among the green and inexperienced troops. Guns were loaded, checked and rechecked, and the line of battle was formed. The cold night air and frost added to the discomfort of the troops. The anti-climax to the whole episode came when federal cavalry brought in six rebel prisoners, who it appeared, were the only enemy in sight. At six in the morning, orders were given to march back to camp. The entire fiasco was referred to wryly hereafter as "Bloody Annandale" (Annandale being the place where the incident took place). Robert L. Tillotson of Company A was "inspired" to write a mocking song to commemorate the occasion:

Oh, boys aint it jolly to march all night,
my golly

With nary a handy chance to get a shoot,

Some confounded fool swapped a horse for
a mule,

And Gen'l Gurney sent us down to get the
boot

Chorus

March, march, march boys, march -
March till the night torches pale;
March with your knapsacks,
Carry all your hard tack,
To brutal, to bloody Annandale.

Oh, chilly were the breezes and bare
the trees
And filthy were the ditches in the
vale;

We liked to froze our faces
A'sleeping in such places,
And Anathematized the dirty town
of Annandale.



Throughout the rest of the war, the boys of the 143rd frequently sang this ditty around their campfires.

In February 1863, the Sullivan organization was shifted to Cloud Mills, Virginia. The remainder of the winter was spent molding the Regiment into a disciplined fighting unit. The next move came in April 1863 when the 143rd was marched to Alexandria, Virginia, where it boarded troop transports. Descending the Potomac in an overloaded scow was a tricky business. The men were told to sit still for fear that any shifting of weight would capsize the vessel. As they neared Fortress Monroe, their plight was further complicated by heavy sea swells which caused the troop carriers to pitch and roll. Finally, after many close calls, the transports bearing the 143rd docked at Suffolk, Virginia. The month of May was spent working in the blazing southern sun building fortifications. The intense heat, something to which the boys from the cool hills of New York State were unaccustomed, and the bad water, laid many a man low that Spring. The morale of the Regiment received a boost when ordered in June 1863 to Yorktown, and then moved up to the front near White House, Virginia, to within sight of the church spires of Richmond, the rebel capital. However, their hope of seeing combat were once again dashed, when on the morning of July 8, instead of receiving the order "on to Richmond," the 143rd was instructed to march back to Yorktown. Their frustration was further intensified by the fact that the "retreat" had to be carried out in a terrific downpour which turned the sticky red mud of Virginia into a hellish quagmire of ooze, making every step a nightmare of agony for men and beasts. Exhausted, drenched, hungry and chilled to the bone, the hapless 143rd ultimately reached Yorktown, where it was loaded aboard troop ships and landed in Washington. Although the Sullivan troops were unaware of it at the time, the cause of their hasty withdrawl was Lee's thrust into Pennsylvania at Gettysburg. The 143rd had been taken out of the line near Richmond so that it could be rushed as reinforce-



COLONEL
DAVID DE WITT

ments to General George Gordon Meade's Army of the Potomac which was seeking to cut off Lee's retreating Confederate Army of Northern Virginia. On July 12, 1863, the 143rd reached Frederick City, Maryland, where it was assigned to the 1st Brigade, 3rd Division, 11th Corps. With the rest of the 11th Corps, the 143rd pursued Lee's forces into Virginia. September, 1863, found the Sullivan outfit encamped at Warrenton Junction. This was their last real rest, for now was to begin their participation in the heavy fighting of the Western Campaign.

FIRST BLOOD

After the battle of Chickamauga, in which General Rosencrans was defeated and besieged in Chattanooga, Tennessee, the 11th Corps, of which the 143rd was a part, commanded by "Fighting Joe" Hooker, was ordered west to relieve the beleagued Rosencrans. Along with other troops, the Sullivan regiment was packed into freight and cattle cars, some even riding the roof, and shipped from Virginia to Bridgeport, Alabama, via Indianapolis.

A few miles outside Bridgeport, the train bearing the 143rd collided head on with another, causing one engine to mount the other and telescoping some of the cars. Miraculously, no deaths or injuries occurred, but it was necessary to complete the rest of the journey on foot. The end of October found the 143rd and its parent body, the 11th Corps, in the Lookout Valley, at the base of Lookout Mountain, whose summit bristled with Confederate cannon. Around midnight, on the night of October 29, 1863, the Regiment was suddenly roused from its slumber and hastily rushed forward to aid General Geary's division in fending off a surprise attack by a South Carolina Brigade. On the way, the 11th Corps was fired upon by rebel troops posted on a foothill to the left of the road up which the Union troops were marching. Acting quickly, the 11th Corps veered to the left and charged up the slope, driving off the rebels and capturing those who were unable to escape from the entrenchments in time. Leaving a sufficient force to hold the heights, the 11th Corps pushed on to help Geary. The night was so dark that the troops could not distinguish friend from foe except by the flash of muskets. By 4 o'clock in the morning the fight was over, and the weary Sullivan boys and their comrades of the 11th Corps were marching back to their bivouacs.

For about a month the 143rd remained in the Lookout Valley. Engaging frequently in skirmishes with rebel pickets, life was made

more difficult for the Sullivan men by the lack of food - the encircling Confederate forces made bringing supplies into the Chattanooga area perilous - and because of the prevalence of dysentery. The southern artillerists also kept things lively by dropping shells and pieces of railroad iron on the federal entrenchments below. With this merciless combination of natural and man-made hazards, it is not surprising that death was a frequent visitor in the Union lines, the 143rd Regiment's sector not excluded.

Near the end of November 1863, the 143rd, with the rest of the 11th Corps, was ordered into the line to support the 14th Corps, which was dug in at the base of heavily fortified rebel-controlled Missionary Ridge. "Our Brigade was held in reserve about a mile in front of Bragg's (the rebel commander in this sector) headquarters," wrote a young Sullivan soldier, named Bailey. On November 25th, the gallant lads of the 143rd were sent "over the top," and succeeded in capturing the first line of enemy breastworks. The Regiment was then withdrawn to reinforce General William Tecumseh Sherman's advance on the rebel right flank. Upon reaching the new position, the 143rd charged up the eastern slope of Missionary Ridge, gaining a foothold there. Counter-attacking, the rebels made five charges, the fifth time they managed to get into the fortification occupied by the Sullivan troops, only to be driven out with terrible slaughter.* "The works in front lay covered with their dead." The 143rd remained in the captured position until the next day, when word was received that the rebel army was retreating. Orders now came for the return to camp, and none too soon, for many of the boys were poorly dressed against the piercing mountain cold, while others lacked shoes. Ambulances of the Regiment were filled with the sick and the wounded. Weeks of exposure, hard marching and fighting were taking their toll. The one consolation was the fine pancakes which the boys were able to make from captured flour.



LIEUTENANT COLONEL
JOSEPH B. TAFT

**Lt. Col. Taft was killed at Missionary Ridge as he commanded the 73rd Pennsylvania. Taft was a great loss to the 143rd, he was a thorough disciplinarian and a soldier and had done much to bring the regiment to its high standard of efficiency.*

Following their return to Chattanooga, the 143rd, now a part of Thomas' Army of the Cumberland, was ordered to the relief of General Ambrose Burnside's troops at Knoxville, 120 miles up the Tennessee River from Chattanooga. The weather was bitterly cold in the Tennessee mountains, ice freezing on the streams to the depth of one inch. Instructed to travel light, the troops were quickly reduced to half their rations. Nor was the thin blanket which each man carried much protection against the night air. To add to their disgust, they found on arriving that the siege against Burnside had been raised.

The return march was beset with innumerable hardships. On the night of December 2, the 143rd was ordered to construct a bridge across the swollen waters of the Little Tennessee River. After the most painful exertions, the bridge was erected by placing fifty wagons into position, it was necessary for the Sullivan men to go into the icy waters of the stream, emerging only to have their clothes freeze upon them before they could reach a fire.

The suffering of the troops was further enhanced by a terrific storm which turned mountain roads into almost impossible morasses. Receiving permission from their officers to camp for the night, the troops erected crude shelters fashioned from rubber blankets propped upon old railroad ties. Just as the coffee tins began to bubble, the cry arose from the noncoms to "fall in, fall in!" Cursing the stupidity of their superiors, the Sullivan troops obediently formed their ranks, and out into the darkness, pouring rain and mud they plunged. By the time the main camp in the Lookout Valley was reached, the condition of the men was a sorry one indeed. General Carl Schurz described their plight. "The clothing of the men was in tatters, the shoes worn out and full of holes. Perhaps one-fourth of the men had no shoes at all. They protected their feet by winding rags around them."

The remainder of the winter was spent in Bridgeport, Alabama. Taking advantage of the winter lull, the high command now consolidated the decimated 11th and 12th Corps into the 20th Corps and placed it under the authority of General Joe Hooker.

ATLANTA IS OURS

Following their retreat from central Tennessee, the rebels had entrenched themselves strongly at Rocky Face Ridge. To force General Joe Johnston's rebel Army of Tennessee out of position, a powerful Union force, (the 143rd was a part of it), was sent around the rebel

right flank through Snake Creek Gap, near Resaca, Georgia. The Confederates, expecting an attack in this sector, fortified Resaca well. Desperately seeking to stem the tide, the rebels counterattacked; one of the heaviest blows of this attack was directed at the position where the 143rd had been stationed to protect an artillery battery. A nearby regiment the 129th Indiana, broke under the rebel assault wave, but not so the intrepid Sullivanites, who, instead, dashed forward to protect the menaced battery, all the while pouring a withering fire into the oncoming Confederates. Unable to stand the volley of the 143rd, the secessionists withdrew, leaving the field strewn with their dead and wounded butternut-clad men.

On May 15, 1864, the 143rd was again hotly engaged in a fight which lasted two hours. Describing the scene of carnage after the battle, young Lt. Isaac Jeliff wrote: "I saw in a space less than 2 rods square 15 rebels." Another of the Sullivan soldiers Hezekiah Watkins said: "The Pioneer Corps of our Brigade this morning buried in front of our Regiment 85 Confederates, including a Chaplain and First Lt. A Captain and 20 men raised a white flag, and when the firing ceased, gave themselves up."

The next place where Joe Johnston's rebel army sought to make its stand was at Alatoona Pass. Again the 20th Corps sought to outflank Johnston. This flanking action, which occurred near a place with the heroic name of Pumpkin Vine Creek, found the 143rd in the front line of advance. Suddenly, as the Sullivan regiment advanced through the forest, they ran up against hidden rebel fortifications. From these works the Secessionists poured a terrific fire. Unable to move, the regiment remained pinned down until the sharp eyes of Lt. Stanton of Company C spotted the masked battery that was doing the damage and directed rifle fire to silence it. When night fell, the 143rd, having exhausted its ammunition, was withdrawn and sent to convoy a supply train near Kingston, Georgia, on the main railroad line.

Returning from their stint of guard duty, the 143rd was again thrown into battle near Ackworth, Georgia. For five days and nights, the air resounded with the crash of cannon and the harsh crackle of small arms fire as



LIEUTENANT COLONEL
HEZEKIAH WATKINS

the 143rd and the rest of the 20th Corps slugged their way forward over the slippery, blood drenched terrain toward Alatoona Pass, Ga. Aware of their desperate plight, the Southerners fell back to Kenesaw Mountain (some effort was made to hold Pine and Lost Mountains, but both these strong points were eventually abandoned). The 43rd now took up position on a plain located at the foot of a wooded height occupied by the Confederates. Seeking to surprise the Union forces, the rebels made a determined foray to capture a battery on the flank of the 143rd position. Twice the yelling Secessionists tried to break the blue line, only to be turned back by bursting shells and a devastating hail of rifle fire. By July 2, the rebels were forced to abandon their trenches. The next two days saw the northern forces advance unimpeded to the Chattahoochee River, where once again the Confederates sought, unsuccessfully, to make a stand. On July 20th, while attempting to cross Peach Tree Creek, the 20th Corps was furiously assaulted by hard pressed southern forces seeking to break out of the relentless iron cordon that was enveloping them. The 143rd, having established itself on a slight elevation covered with dense underbrush, was hit three times, but refused to give ground. Failing to force back the 20th Corps, the rebel forces now began an orderly retreat toward Atlanta. The victory was not obtained without a price, for "while encouraging the line" Adjutant William Radcliffe "was shot squarely in the front of the neck and killed instantly." He was "Beloved by everyone," wrote the bearer of these sad tidings, Hezekiah Watkins. "Just as I was sitting here," continued Watkins, "a German officer of the 82 Illinois Regiment, Captain Bruen, remarks: "I loved that man more than anyone else in this army" and his testimony is the testimony of everyone who knew him. If possible his body will be embalmed and sent home, if not he will be buried here with those who loved him so well."

In the siege of Atlanta, the 143rd played a conspicuous part. It helped hold a position in the line where the fighting was fierce, and where the repulse of the counterattacking rebels was bloodiest. As part of Hooker's command the 143rd had to bear repeated assaults by Gen. Hood's defending army. On September 2, 1864, the 143rd and other elements of the 20th Corps entered the ravaged and burning city.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

During most of the Fall of 1864, the Sullivan organization was assigned to duty as military police. Meanwhile, Sherman was planning the next great movement. Around the middle of November, four corps,

(the 143rd's 20th Corps was one of them) were assembled in the vicinity of Atlanta for Sherman's famous march to Savannah and the sea. Marching out of Atlanta singing *John Brown's Body*, Sherman's forces had been informed that they had to live off the country. For several miles on either side of the line of advance, Union foragers - derisively called "bummers" by the southern civilians - scoured the countryside for food, livestock, and whatever else they could find. This was exactly the type of soldiering the troops liked - the boys of the 143rd were no exception to this - plenty to eat, easy marches, good weather and very little fighting. Among the first to reach Savannah in December was the 143rd. Prepared for an all-out fight, the 143rd and their Federal comrades were gratified to discover that Savannah had been evacuated. Not long after the city fell, the Sullivan boys stood on the shore with the rest of Sherman's army cheering wildly when they sighted northern supply ships - for almost six weeks troops had been cut off from their base-laden with food and mail. Sherman's "March to the Sea" had ended.

The final phase of Sherman's strategy, a drive North into the Carolinas, got under way in February, 1865. The coming of the rainy season had turned brooks into swollen torrents, lowlands into swamps and roads into bogs. Bridging raging torrents, corduroying roads, wading knee deep through swamps, skirmishing with the retreating rebels, Sherman's army pushed through South Carolina and by early March reached North Carolina. On March 19, a desperate rebel army of 40,000 sought to make a major stand at Bentonville, North Carolina. Moving out of their entrenchments, the Secessionists struck General Carlin's 14th Corps so hard that it was compelled to fall back, thus leaving the flank of the 20th Corps, which held the left of the Union Army, exposed. Having succeeded in pushing back the 14th Corps, the "boys in grey" now tried to repeat their earlier success by charging the 20th Corps. One of the first to feel the Southern attack was the 143rd. Firing from behind a rail fence, the Sullivan troops twice drove back the Confederates. During the lull following the second charge, one of the Southerners threw up a hat to attract the attention of the Federals. "Ho, Johnny what do you want?" called out one of the 143rd's officers. The reply came back: "We want to come in." "Come in," was the answer. Soon 20 Confederates made their way into Union lines. Two of the captive rebels requested that they be permitted to fight against their former comrades, a request which was granted - "You take that, draft me will you," growled one of the ex-rebels as he blazed away at the advancing southern

line. Having vented their spleen, the two rebels - turned Yank - were escorted off to the rear. Nightfall ended the bloody work. Several days later the enemy retreated towards Raleigh, North Carolina.

Dirty, ragged, and saucy, after resting for a few days in Goldsboro, North Carolina, the 143rd moved on with Sherman's army. By April 11, the 143rd found itself encamped with the rest of the Union forces on a plain outside Raleigh. The following day the boys of the 143rd noticed a commotion around Corps headquarters, a commotion which could mean only one thing - the war was over. Wild with joy the Sullivanites joined the rest of the army as they cheered, hugged each other, and wept tears of gladness, for soon they would be going home to their loved ones.

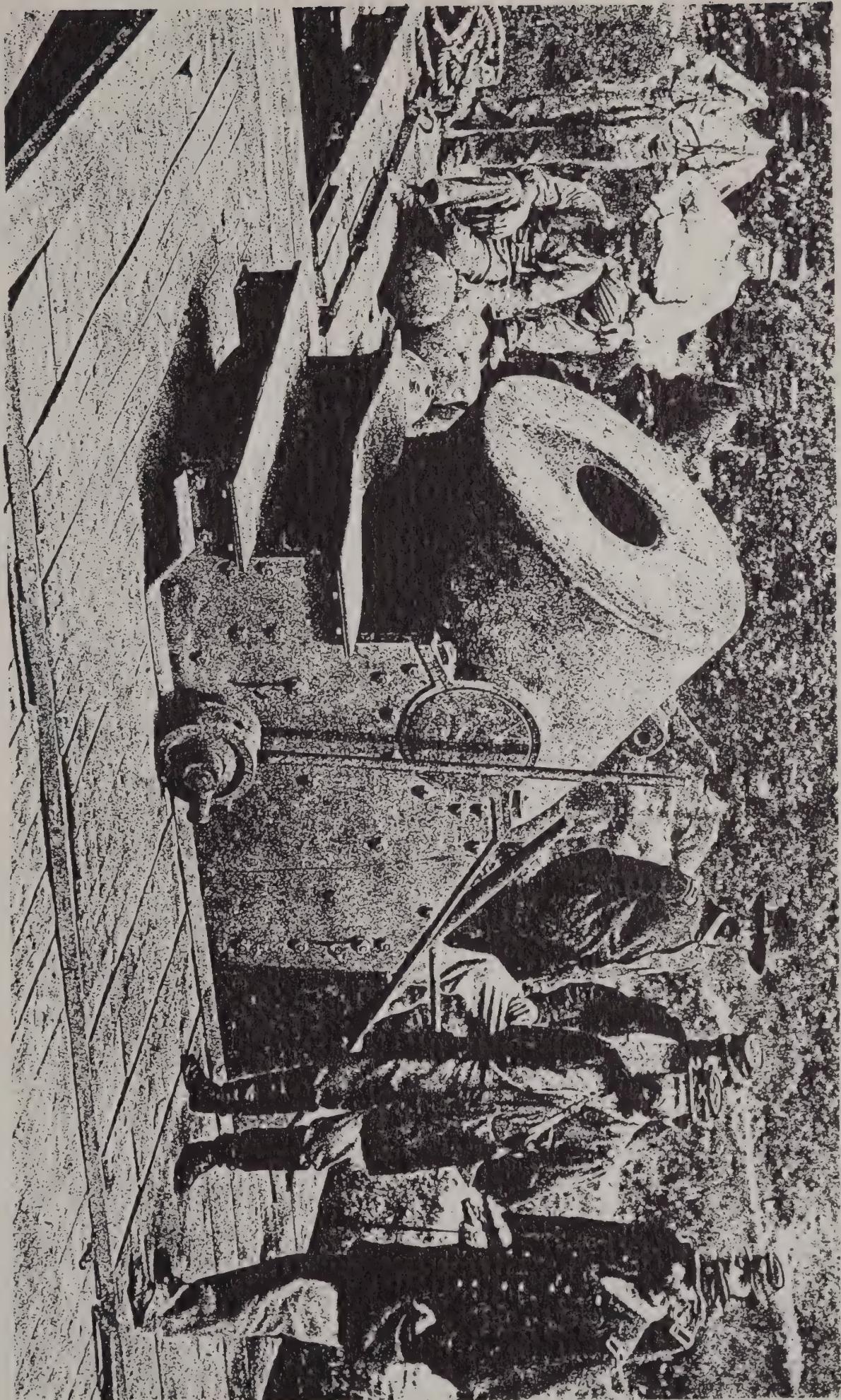
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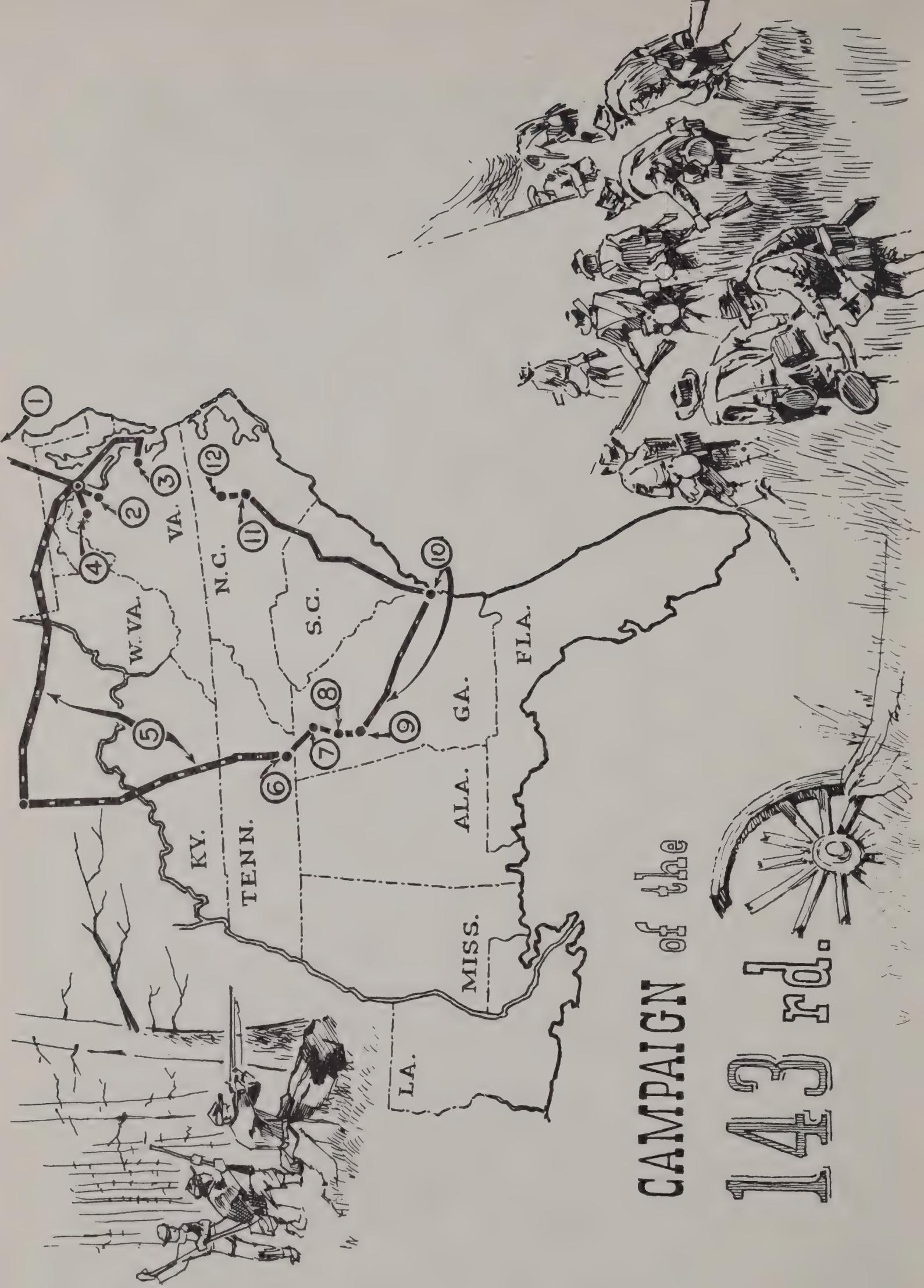
On May 24, 1865, as part of Sherman's Army, the 143rd Regiment marched down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. Sunburned, bearded, battle hardened veterans, the men of the 143rd were no longer the eager young boys who had mustered in at Camp Holley. "This rough and ready Western Army of Sherman's," wrote a correspondent, "with slouched hats, their easy swinging stride gained by long marches . . . elicited great applause."

Soon after the review, the Regiment entrained for New York City, where it participated in a victory parade up Broadway. Addressing the 143rd from the steps of the Astor Hotel, their former commander, Joe Hooker, declared: "It could be said of them (the 143rd) what could not be said of many regiments, - (I) do not know of others - the Johnnies had never seen their back, (for) if they had at Peach Tree Creek, God only knows what the result would have been."

While waiting for final mustering out pay, the Regiment was quartered on Harts, now Riker's Island and soon after disbanded, to assemble again in later years only at veterans' gatherings and Memorial Day services. Today, two monuments stand in Monticello - one on the Courthouse lawn and the other at the north end of town - to commemorate the part which the men of Sullivan played, so that this nation might have a new birth of freedom. When next you pass them, pause for a moment and remember the men who died, so that we might live in a free and united America.

Union mortar of the type employed at the siege of Atlanta, 1864. These "Dictator" mortars were of either 13-, or 17-inch bore and were capable of hurling a 120-, or 200-pound explosive shell over a 4325-yard range.





CAMPAIGN ENGAGEMENTS

of the

143rd

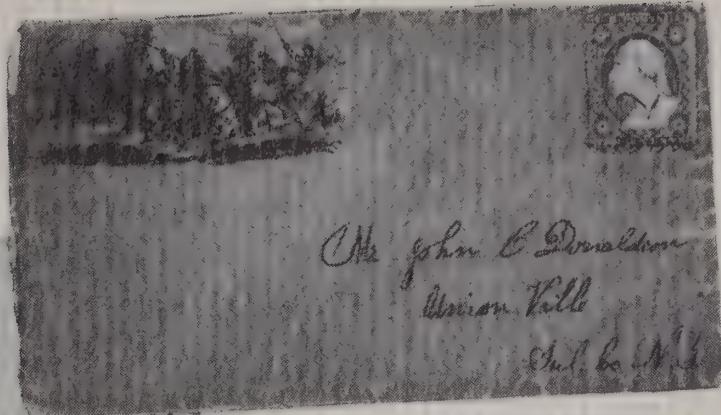
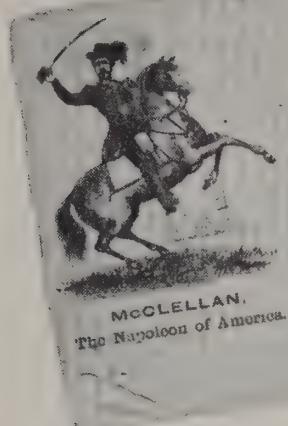
N. Y. V. I.



1. October 8, 1862
The 143rd left Monticello
2. Dec. 28, 1862
Fairfax Courthouse
"Bloody Annandale"
3. June 1863
In the lines in front of
Richmond
4. September 1863
Encampment at Warrenton Jct.
5. Freight Train ride from Warrenton Jct.
to Bridgeport, Alabama
6. November 24, 1863
Battle of Missionary Ridge
7. May 15, 1864
Battle of Resaca
8. Battle of Pumpkin Vine Creek
9. September 2, 1864
Siege of Atlanta
10. Sherman's March to the Sea
11. March 19 - 21, 1865
Battle of Bentonville
12. April 11, 1865
News of Surrender at
Appomatox Court House reaches
the 143rd



Scouts and guides, Army of the Potomac, October 10, 1862, near Berlin, Maryland



Miss Harriet Donaldson
Graham'sville
Sullivan
N.Y.

LETTERS

* THE DONALDSON LETTERS:

Columbia Colage Hospital
Feb the 3rd 1862

Dear Sister Hattie

I received your letter the 29th it was quite welcom. your letter & Sarahs was verry welcom visitors. I am about forty yards from our barracks right in sight of them it used to be a colage the students now they say. It is a very large house & I am on the top shelf. It is either the 4 or 5 story That I am on. they put all the measels in the upper room. I have received two letters since I came in the hospital beside yours & Sarah one from Levi Hall, one Charles Hall. Charles said he heard the soldiers was not allowed to read the newspapers. tell Charles they can read all they have amind to but they charge high for their papers 5, 6, 7 cents apiece. things are high down here.

I am glad you get along so well with your studies. Calvin did not write whether he went to school or not. dunot think you will graduate this winter. hope he will

* The originals of these letters may be seen in the Sullivan County Museum at Monticello, New York.

has Sid Hall gone back to his Regiment or is he at home this winter? How does Washington Miller get along making shingels? they need watching some I believe they would take the advantage if they got a good chance. you must not let anyone see this perhaps I am wrong but all i judge from is the capers I have heard them tell of their doing.

Henry K. Brundage Sulvenue Keogan Charles Christian & myself is all that is in this hospital of our company. I believe we are all gaining as fast as can be expected & now Sister we may never meet again here on earth. Will you meet me in heaven Remember life is short death is not far distant at the longest & let us so live that when death Shall come we may be prepared to die

* * *

to Harriet N.D from J C Donaldson
56th Regiment, 10th Legion
Camp Hamilton
Apr 24th /62

Dear Sister

I received your letter today. I was quite pleased to hear from you. I wrote to Sarah the other day & should have written long before but have had boils so I could not. I had a number under my arms & when one went a way two others came in the place of it. I am quite healthy now the story is that we are to be disbanded the two cavalry companys we belong now to new york Mounted Rifles we dunot like our new Officers, Colonel Van Wyck has been to see us twice. he sent in a petition to have us mustered out of service. The Major went to Washington three days ago to have the orders countermanded. He is not back yet. He says we shall not go away from here if it cost him one thousand dollars I have a little butter yet you need not send me any at present. We are not in the 56th Regiment. Colonel Van Wyck wants us in his Regiment or else send us home. I think you done verry well making hugar.

Burten & Miller done it up brown making shingels, I think. You wanted me to say what I thought about currying the suit up. I have nothing to say. Tell father to do as he thinks best. Coles Castle is dead. Edward Castle took the corps home. We all put in a dollar apiece to send it home. I should have sent my money home by Castle but I thought it not verry safe. There is going to be a verry bloody battle at Yorktown 24 miles from here. We hear that there is over one hundred thousand troops on each side. Our men is under command of McClellan

at Yorktown the 56th is here. I think it will be a week before the battle commences. Some think it will be the last battle fought if we whip them but I think not. I think it will take some time to take Yorktown the rebels are fortified there verry strong. If we dunt get disbanded I would try to get a furlough to come & see how things look around home after this battle is fought but I guess I better wait until July & be home in haying Give my love to all who may enquire for me.

Harriet N D
Write soon

Yours affectionately
J. C. Donaldson

* * *

Hampton Hospital
May the 4th

Sister Hattie

I have just received a letter from Pa and Ma. It found me mutch better than I was when I had that letter written that you received the 25th. I am writing this myself & I dunot know as you can read it but you must read what you can and guess at the rest. I will now tell you something concerning Suffolk. The Co I am in was out six days on picket between Suffolk & blackwater. we came in on Saturday about one hour. Sun when we came to Suffolk we met Gen Dodge used to be our Col. he told us that the graybacks had captured quite a number of the Penn Cavalry on a road that they was picketing on. He said they were in force coming to attack Suffolk. We came to camp & before we got to camp we could hear the cannons roar which told the foe was night. we went to bed that night got up the morning went and dug rifle pits untill noon. We then went to feed the horses.

We then had orders to saddle & eat our dinner get our oats on our saddles & one days ration in our haversacks & be ready in 15 minets to get in the saddle. we then went out on the Edenton road towards N. C. my Co & Co A. Co A stoped about 3 miles from Suffolk, part of our Co went two miles farther & found the rebs pickets fired on them & drove them in to their Artillery & Infantry. we did not see anything of them after that. the next night we came in went to bed. the next morning we went out & sent in the Co that was there. we could see them quite often through the day kept fireing on them & they on us all day. we shot two of their men that we say & they wounded one of ours. his name is Wilson. he died one week after. We had no fireing that night. the next morning before daylight they sent out two more Co of the Mtd Rifles two Howitzers & part of the three Regt of Infantry to find out

what force they had on that road. we then advanced. it was not quite daylight we charged on their pickets captured part and drove the rest in to their main body. when we came in sight of that we halted for the Infantry & Artillery to come up. when they came up the 1st platoon of our company was sent out through two large fields. they was a fence between them. We was to skirmish to the woods on the other side of the field to see how many was their. we got within 20 yards of the woods. we saw them. we drawed up our Carbines & fired. It was not quite daylight or we should have seen them before we got so close & just as soon as we fired they fired before we got our pieces from our face. they was two that I fired at. one stood right behind the other. when I fired the first one fell the other one shot me. I think the ball hit on the right of the chin cut the flesh from the bone & went through by shoulder just misses the collar bone & pass through and hit the shoulder blade verry slightly. As soon as we fired they fired i felt something burn my shoulder a little but I was not shure that I was wounded. We wheeled our horses when the man on the left of me fell from his horse. they had shot him through the leg. they took him prisoner. he is not in Pettersburgh. they took his leg off. The other man they took prisoner is now back to Regt. When I wheeled my horse after firing you may bet he run som untill he got back to the Regt. he did not go to the place where we took the fence down when we went. he jumped the first place he came to as nimble as a deer. when I came to rest of Regt. one of the boys asked me if I was wounded. I told him I didnot know I thought I was. I told him to look at my shoulder and see. He rode behind me and he said he did not see any blood but there was a large hole through my overcoat. I then began to feel the blood run. we then went to the ambulance where the doctor was. By that time there was quite a number of the Infantry wounded & I didnot get my wound dressed untill I got to camp. I asked the doctor this morning if I could not go to my Regt. He said he would let me go in 4 or 5 weeks. My shoulder has done better than any wound in the hospital. tell Dave and Levi Hall. Cull that I will write soon. I have not had any letter from Dave nor any else in along time but you give me Mr. Wildmans people address

JCD

I think Dave directed his letter rong. You said he wrote as soon as you got the letter.

I am glad father is nearly out of debt. My money that he dont want to use he can put out on interest.

You need not send me any box at present. I by my butter here pay 35 cts per pound. What is the price of butter there? I have good care but not as mutch to eat as I would like. My horse is at the hospital. He was wounded.

* * *

Portsmouth July the 24th 1863

Dear Sister

I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I am well. I have been in the Regt some few days not quite three weeks. Tomorrow morning we start on a ten days scout as near as I can learn we are going to make a raid across the Blackwater towards Petersburgh to scour the country for horses. We are going down towards Washington, N.C. to destroy some Rebble property between there and Petersburgh and burn some railroad bridges. You must write as soon as you get this so the letter will be here. I expected to be home before this. My furlough was made out and sent down to the Post to be signed by Gen Dix about the time he went up the peninsula consequently it didnot get signed. Co D, have been Stationed ten miles east of Norfolk at a place called Keensville. We have a very pleasant place. There was a young lady liveing there, she had a brother in the confederate army. As I passing her house rideing my horse to water she stood by the gate & said good morning. I returned the salute & stoped. She asked me if I was fond of cucumbers & sweet milk. I told he very mutch so she invited me in. I thanked her for the kind invitation & told her that we was under marching orders & was going to start for camp at 12 o'clock & I had my things to pack up. She went in & fetch me ten nice cucumbers & a quart of new milk & told me if I saw her brother while scouting not to shoot him. I told I would spare him on her account. She said they took him against his will. He belonged to the 8th Va. She told me to call any time it was convenient. I thanked her & left. The citizens told us we was the most civil & genteel of any soldier had ever been there. Our army has done good execution for the last five or six weeks. If we dunot have any pull back I am in hope the war will soon close. The report here is that England & France is a coming to make war with us. I hopenot but if they want to come let them come. I got one or two letters at the hospital that I did not answer. I expected to come home. Write all the news as soon as you get this. I have not had a letter from Dave in 7 or 8 months. Tell all the rest to write. Give my love to all the family.

P.S. Direct Norfolk 1st NYM Rifles, Troop D

I was in the hospital when the boys was paid off last. I am in hope we will soon be paid again.

* * *

THE SAMUEL CARR LETTERS

Samuel Carr was another of the men who never came back from the Civil War. The nameless statistics of the history books take form and meaning as we read his letters to his wife and children and the account of his death and burial. Samuel Carr was born April 20, 1834. On September 25, 1856 he married Julia Van Wagener. Of their three children, George Henry, Serville Ann, and Clarence, only George lived to grow up. In October 1861, at the age of 22, Samuel Carr enlisted in the 56th Regt., N.Y.S. Vol. under Captain Asa Hodge. He died September 10, 1862 at Yorktown, Virginia.

* * *

Washington Nov 28th 1861

Dear Companion

I now take my pen in hand to inform you that I am better today than I have been in sometime & I hope these few lines will find you all well. I mearly set down to write this letter to you to let you know Something about the pay that I & all the rest of us are going to get. I had to sign a receipt for only 9 dollars & 63 cents But while I was riting this letter the colonel came in camp & com around to our company & stopped the officers from taken any moore names down & Seys he thinks he will have it. So by tomorrow that we will draw our late pay & if he does there will be Some 30 dollars comming to me

Keep up good curage yet my good wife if I get my money this week I will Send it to you from the mark or I will Send it to Wm. Hammond & after you pay him what you owe him he will pay you the remainder. we haint got any winter quarters yet But the intention is to have it Soon. I think you will get your mony by the first of next week if it goes rite along. Give my best respects to all inquiring friends. Kiss our little Boys for mee & I send one for you in this letter.
no more at presant

Good Bye But Shed no tears. keep cheerful

A hope for the future from your Dear Husband Samuel Carr to his wife Julia Carr & the rest of his family

(A note to his small son shows a picture, printed in red, of a man leaving the plow in the field. The man holds a rifle in one hand and a flag, partly unfurled is supported by the other hand. Underneath the picture is this motto:)

*Shoot down the first
man that attempts to
haul down the American flag*

*I send this to Little George & tell
him those words
until he has
them by hart*

Washington February 11th 1862

Dear wife I need not write to you for I have got a letter to send with this little Book.

and this I send to Little George for a presant lay them carfully away
for him if he lives to get big Enough to go to School it may do him
Some good to read them S. Carr

*N.V. Vet has got a Stiff neck thare is a swelling commin on it - it is
Snowing very fast* S. Carr

* * *

*Head Quarters Co K 56th Reg NYS
Yorktown Va Sept 11th 1862*

Mrs. Julia Carr

Madam

It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of your husband Samuel Carr a member of my company who died very suddenly last evening at 8 and one half o'clock. He was about camp as usual until about an hour before he died when he went in his tent and laid down but with no appearance of unusual illness. a few moments after Andrew Weber took him a canteen of water and thinking he looked worse offered to get the Doctor for him but he thought he would wait til morning as he remarked to Weber and if he did not feel better than he would go out and see him.

Not more than half an hour after this one of the men entered his tent with a cup of milk which Col Van Wyck sent him and tried to wake him but failing to get a reply hurried off for the physicians who

were close at hand and hastened to the tent where he was laying but it was to late. They could not tell the cause of his death but it is evident from the suddenness that it was caused by congestion.

His health for sometime past had not been perfect but none of the time was he so ill as to be confined to his tent. While at Harrison's Landing he had an attack of diarrhoea and jaundice but when we left that place he was comparatively in good health and stood the march down as well as any in the Company.

He was buried this afternoon with Military honors in the Union Cemetery at this place. Chaplain Shelling performed the funeral service. On his head board is printed his name, residence Company and Regiment and time of death.

This will be a great bereavement for you but you will have the Consolation of knowing that he died engaged in a noble cause maintaining the rights of our bleeding country.

He was loved and respected by the whole company and by all who knew him and we realize we have met with an irreparable loss. His memory will long be cherished by us all. His kindness and generosity and lively spirit won him a friend wherever he formed an acquaintance. As a soldier none was braver and none could be more dutiful.

He has pay due him from the Government from the 30th day of June. His Knapsack full of Clothing was lost transporting it from Harrison's Landing. The clothing that is lost you can draw pay for. I will send you a statement of his clothing Account & a list of his Effects soon

your obedient Servant

E Smith Capt
Co K 56th Reg NYS

143rd

N. Y. V. I.

Roll of Honor



Vol. XXII. No. 7.

Sull. Co. Republican.

THE 143d REGIMENT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

We give below a list of the brave men of the 143d Regiment who have been killed or wounded in battle, and also the names of those who made the march with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea coast, the greatest undertaking ever made in military history on this Continent. Each of these brave men deserves more than royal honors, and will be long remembered by a grateful country which they have loved and served so well.

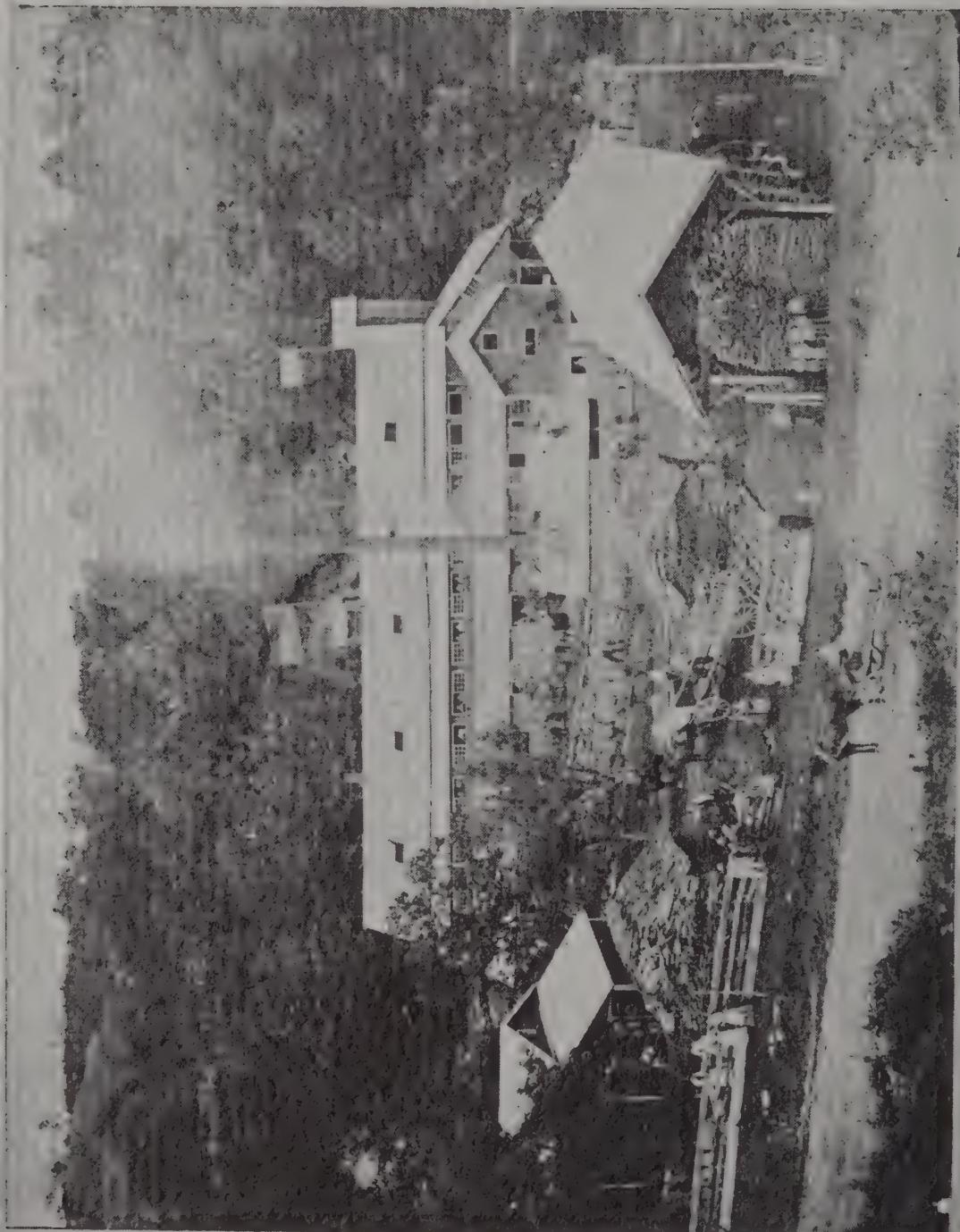
We should be glad to have a like list of the killed and wounded in the 56th Regiment, and those of other regiments:

List of Officers and Enlisted Men, Killed and Wounded of the 143d Regiment, N. Y. Vol.,—Infantry.

John * Col. killed

The complete Roll of Honor of the 143rd N.Y.V.I. may be consulted at the Sullivan County Museum, 11 Bank Street, Monticello, N. Y.

The old Wurtsboro Tannery showing the Newburgh-Cochecton Turnpike in the foreground. Tan bark is stored under the sheds while hides may be seen hanging in the background.



Wurtsboro Tannery.

Photo courtesy
of
C. P. Stanton

TANNERIES & TURNPIKES



They've gone! The tanneries, the turnpikes, many of the towns and the people who made the suspenseful Sullivan of the 1860's.

Gone with the natural resources which made it all possible . . . the unbelievably huge hemlocks. Gone with the turnpikes where you tossed your toll to a barefooted girl of eleven. Gone are the towns, twinkling in the pre-dawn with aromatic beechwood smoke drifting skyward, as housewives mixed buckwheat pancakes and fried venison or trout for brawny hardworking men.

James Eldridge Quinlan wrote: There's an old saying, "The Civil War was won with the boots tanned in Sullivan County."

One hundred years ago the Catskill region produced more tanned leather than any other area in the United States. The five counties of Delaware, Schoharie, Ulster, Orange and Sullivan accounted for nearly one-third of New York's annual leather output in 1860, according to "Report of the Growth of Industry in New York State." \$7,034,438 worth of tanned leather was manufactured in the Catskills, with Sullivan County accounting for half!

The Union Army made most of its marches on Sullivan tanned red leather, drove most of their mules and horses with harness cut from locally tanned hides. Artillery horses, and other mounts, were decked with saddles and harness made from Sullivan County leather. (The "red" of the leather came from the amber hued bark, key ingredient of tanning leather.)

Take a look at the westerly slope of Denman Mountain, opposite the mighty monolith of the Bushnell tannery tower in Claryville, as the moon rises. You'll see a score of virgin white pine trees towering against the skyline. Or drive around on the east slope of Red Hill and on the saddle between Peekamoose and Table Mountain; to the northeast you'll spy a handful of red spruce which were too isolated to fall to the axe. Atop Cornell Mountain is the only other stand of trees that were here before the white men. With the exception of a few elderly, gnarled and beautiful apple trees, practically every other tree has grown in the past hundred years of time!

The Evergreen Cemetery at Bethel was named for the virgin hemlock tree which still stands over the grave of the man who was clearing the land for a cemetery. He was killed when a limb fell from that tree (This is atypical tree, apparently once a clump of hemlock, for it's really more than one. Normally hemlocks grow tall and true, much like the masts on clipper-ships, with comparatively small branches. This tree's branches are huge, and think . . . a limb fell from it to kill in 1813! It's age to have a limb that large?)

Those valuable remaining red spruce are now part of the "absolute wilderness" of the "forever wild" Forest Preserve protected by the Constitution of the State. However, when you cross the Tappan Zee Bridge of the New York State Thruway remember its concrete footings, sunken barges, are pinned to the mud of the Hudson's bottom by the tallest pines from the very shadow of these few precious Claryville white pines. Also, when you look at the older homes of Liberty, recall that many were built from that very grove of pine, saved for posterity by the farsighted operators of the tannery . . . only to be sold by Jarius TerBush to builder and contractor James E. Dice II.

The sight that greeted the first European's eyes here in the Catskills, from a high vantage point, was an unbroken carpet of dark blue color, interspersed with shadows of black. This was the view that vast, uninhabited areas of hemlock gave to the entire countryside.

The immense spreads of hemlock timber made the Catskills an island in the midst of the westward push of civilization. But today there's just the one documented virgin hemlock left standing . . . though some are still rotting on the forest floor . . . Other virgin trees of any kind probably number less than 100.

Then the tanneries came, with the turnpikes, the sawmills, the villages and hamlets around them . . . the canal, the railroads, the inevitable major transportation to link them to market.

The Newburgh-Cochecton Turnpike was built in 1808. The Delaware & Hudson Canal in 1828. The Erie Railroad in 1851. The Denning to Napanoch Plank Road in 1856 . . . All of these run generally east and west, connecting the hinterlands with the rivers and the centers of population. And generally this holds true. A north to south railroad was planned, but never built, contrary to Nathaniel Bartlett Sylvester's History of Ulster Co.

In the early years of the Newburgh-Cochecton Turnpike, its role was a vital one to the economic growth of the Sullivan area. It carried produce to the Hudson for transshipment to sloops bound for New York, serving as a quick route by stage for raftsmen returning to the upper reaches of the Delaware for another sprawling raft of timber. Actually, by the time of the Civil War, its importance had been usurped considerably by the Delaware and Hudson Canal and the New York and Erie Railroad.

In 1862 the 143rd Regiment used the Newburgh-Cochecton Turnpike to march off to war-via Middletown and the Erie Railroad.

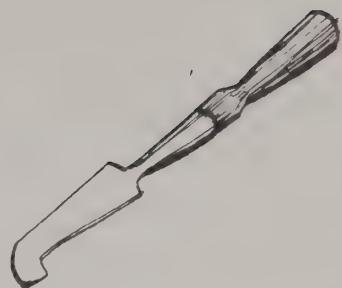
The hemlock, that basic need in a new industry of leather tanning, was doomed. There was money in tanning, acres of tall trees to be cut, and the outcome was the growth of a vast new industry.

The eastern hemlock was more plentiful here than in any other part of the state. The supply seemed inexhaustible. The tide-water of the Hudson, a natural highway, was close. The Erie Railroad, the great turnpikes, the D-and-H, would be built to transport the hides in, the finished leather out. We also had the tremendous amounts of water needed for the hundreds of tanning establishments.

In 1860 Sullivan had 39 tanneries, top number in the state. Ulster had 30, Oneida and Oswego 38, Chenango and Schoharie 17, Delaware 24 and Greene County nine.

The tanbark industry developed after the War of 1812. Not until then did the United States of America enjoy free commerce with the world. From the west via the Erie, from the east by the D-and-H, from Brazil, Argentina, Australia, Spain and later from Texas, came the shiploads of hides to be converted into leather.

The hides had to come to the bark, for the green hides were easier to transport than the bulky bark. It took one cord of bark, four by four



Spud For Stripping And Removing Tanbark From The Hemlock

by eight, to tan ten hides and it cost from three to ten trees to obtain one cord of bark.

French, in his 1860 *Gazetteer* said, "About 1817, upon the discovery of improved methods of tanning leather, tanners rushed into the Catskill mountains, purchased large tracts of mountain lands covered with hemlock timber and erected extensive tanneries.

"The valleys of Schoharie Creek, Batavia and Westkill soon teemed with a numerous, active laboring population, and the solitude of the deep mountain glens was made vocal by the hum of industry, the buzz of the waterwheel and the rattling of machinery. Villages of considerable magnitude, with churches, schools, stores and taverns, rose up in the wilderness as if by magic."

Jack E. Hope, in the New York State Conservationist for October-November 1960, wrote:

"Today the tannery has vanished from the Catskill scene; gone with the supply of hemlock bark that supported this flourishing industry during the brief period from 1840 to 1870.

"Actually, the tanning industry in New York got its start 200 years earlier, when in 1638 the Dutch built a tannery on Manhattan Island (then a part of New Netherland). But any industry needs customers for the goods it produces, and until the late 1800's the Catskill Mountain region could boast little in the way of permanent settlement (sic). Further hindrance to private commercial development existed in the form of the original "feudal" type of land ownership by influential families. The influence of these feudal tenures was not completely eliminated until 1846 when the Constitution of the Empire State wiped out all possibility of a manorial system in New York.

"By 1830, when leather tanning secured a foothold in the Catskills," Hope continued, "many commercially-minded citizens had grasped the importance of the huge supply of hemlock bark, waiting to be exploited for its valuable tannins. Evidence of this fact comes from Quinlan's *History of Sullivan County* in which the author states 'Bark was cheap, as well as labor, while leather was dear . . .

" . . . The statement that 'bark was cheap' might well be revised by taking into account the dollar and cents value of the millions of board feet of hemlock timber skinned of its bark and left to rot on the forest floor."

Prior to tannery days, the beautiful Catskills had been an unbroken blanket of green hemlock stretching to the horizon. Now factories for

the tanning of leather sprang up wherever there was bark to feed them. Roads suitable for heavy loads pushed up every timbered valley. Peelers, with spuds in hand, went into the bark woods about May first, peeling the hemlock as long as it would peel, then stacking the bark in cord piles to dry and to be drawn to the tanneries. The bark was taken to the tannery either by skidding it out in the summer and fall in dry season, or, at opportune times, the following winter.

High on the slopes of Doubletop, where only hardy hunters now penetrate, there are a few piles of forgotten hemlock bark, green with moss on the outside, just as they were peeled.

The spud was the tool of the bark-peelers. A hooked blade, with hard-wood handle, it was made to cut into the slippery cambium layer and slide along the trunk, peeling a piece of bark approximately four feet long and from twelve to sixteen inches wide. The bark was removed from the butt to the first limb. The rest of the tree was left to rot where it fell. Actually, the trees were so exceptionally long-lasting that this process would have taken at least fifty years, so many were burned by the people who settled the cut-over lands. A few were cut into lumber to provide the first really good roads, the plank turnpikes.

The lovely, unpainted, weathered grey barns are of hemlock.

Uncured, hemlock wood is easily worked, resilient and yellow and aromatic. Cured, it is rock-hard, indestructible by insects, resistant to rot and decay, but it is brittle.

The spit and polish neatness of a modern factory had no counterpart in a tannery of the year 1860. Buildings were rough, unpainted lumber, with huge stacks of hemlock bark in houselike piles built up around them. Always the tanneries were on a stream, or near one, because great quantities of water were used in tanning. A characteristic smell hung over the tan-yards.

It is not surprising to note that the largest tannery, Hammonds at DeBruce, used the same superb water supply as the New York Conservation Department employs for the Catskill trout hatchery.

Tanbark was ground in a water-powered mill, something like a huge coffee grinder. Then it was taken to a leach-house where it was mixed with boiling water and left to steep for about a week. The liquor was then ready to be piped to the tan-yards as needed.

The hides were first put in vats in the beam-house and left for



Adz Employed By Carpenters In Forming Beams In Early Tanneries

approximately one week. Some weighed as much as 125 pounds! They were taken out, pounded until soft, and split down the middle into sides. The sides were taken to the sweat-pits and left for five to eight days, according to the heat. To know when the hides were ready to be taken from the sweat-pits, workmen rubbed a thumb over them. The odor on opening these pits was terrible, and the hartshorn made the eyes run. If hair could be rubbed off with a thumb the sides were ready to be milled, or pounded, to remove the bulk of the hair. Beam hands then went to work, using a flenser, worker and big knife to scrape and clean any remaining hair or flesh from the hides.

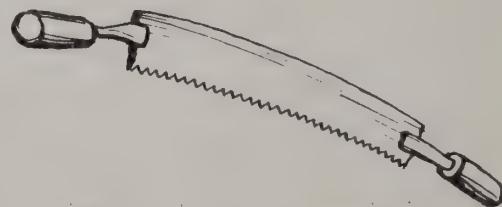
Next the hides were treated to plump them, opening the pores so the leather would take a tan. Handlers put them, one by one, flat, into a vat of weak liquor solution. A shovelful of tanbark was scattered on each side as it sank. This kept the sides from settling too close together. After three weeks the sides were turned over and the liquor was made stronger. Again, at the end of three weeks, the hides were changed and laid down in strong liquor for three months.

This ended the tanning and the hides were put in a loft to dry. When dry, they were scrubbed and treated with fish oil and hung up again for a short time, they were taken down for the last time and treated with tanners' oil and rolled for easier shipment to market.

Anyone who has handled a green, uncured, raw hide that has been left for a few days in the warm weather, can easily imagine the terrible stench that hung over the tanneries. Many of these hides had traveled from the ends of the earth, slowly and without refrigeration.

The first extensive tannery in the state was built at Tannersville by Colonel William V. Edwards and his son William W., of Northampton, Massachusetts, in July 1817. The first tannery in the Greene County Catskills locale dates to 1791, or 1792, built by John Bray, in the town of Lexington. Soon after the Edwards tannery at Tannersville flourished, other tanneries were built and a very large amount of leather was made annually for a long series of years, until the hemlock bark was exhausted.

For example, the extraordinary Col. Zadok Pratt's tannery at Prattsville used 6,000 cords of bark, tanning 60,000 sides of sole leather annually, for 25 years!



*Flenser For Scraping
Treated Hides*

It has been estimated that it took a long ton of bark, 2,240 pounds to tan 250 pounds of leather. With a big tannery operation processing 30,000 sides of leather in a year, it is easy to see what happened to the virgin hemlock stands of these hills.

In 1860, J. H. French wrote, "The supply of bark was soon exhausted, and the proprietors gradually abandoned their establishments and followed the mountain chain south, erecting new factories in Ulster and Sullivan counties, and their successors are now pursuing the hemlock into the heart of the Alleghanies. The result of all this was to facilitate the occupation of the lands in the mountain towns, and in many cases to carry cultivation to the summits of the most lofty ranges, thereby opening one of the finest dairy and wool growing regions in the State."

The Palens gave the name to Palenville, Greene County, then came south to Fallsburgh (at the Neversink Falls) where they ran the Palen and Flagler tannery, to Neversink Flats (now under the reservoir) for Palen & Co., and then on to Rockland where it was Utter and Palen in the year 1865.

The Flaglers, as you know, turned to the resort business, making the transition from one century's big business to the next century's big business without moving.

Colonel Gideon E. Bushnell, first commander of the elite corps called "The Ulster Guard," the 20th Regiment of New York, ran the tannery which gave the name to Bushnellville on the Ulster-Greene county line, then came south to found Claryville.

But it was Colonel George W. Pratt and Governor Edwin D. Morgan who offered the 20th to the Union, the 12th of April, 1861. April 28th they were on their way. (The son of Col. Zadok Pratt, a tanner, businessman and Congressman, though illiterate, Col. George W. Pratt was wounded at the second Battle of Bull Run, was taken from the field to Washington, then to Albany where he died on the 11th of September 1862. The 20th went on to fight at Gettysburg under Col. Gates who "lost more than half his force.")

Private Lewis Snyder, later Captain Snyder, and also a partner in the Bushnell and Snyder tannery, was wounded at Gettysburg. The Bushnell tannery became the Bushnell and Snyder tannery. Jarius Ter-Bush purchased the remaining property from the Snyders, and his daughter, Mrs. Harvey Slater, now holds what is left.

The tannery owners were not only the big wheels of the villages they begat, they were the officers the men followed into battle, and the

tannery fortunes, plus the experience gained in the wild boom towns and on the bloody battlefields took them into some of the most prominent and influential positions throughout the world.

Many born in the township of Liberty went to other parts of the country to operate successful tanneries. Wherever hemlock grew in abundance there could be found the Crarys, the Gildersleevs, the Hortons, Garrits, Smiths or Grants.

In 1860, Liberty was turning out 106,000 sides of leather. Fallsburgh's & Woodbourne's tanneries were putting out about 40,000 each. In 1865, the tanneries owned by Medah T. Morse, at Woodbourne, Morsston and Black Lake were pushing out about one million pounds, valued at over \$250,000. However, S. Hammond and Son, at DeBruce, was the peak single producer in 1865 with 826,280 pounds of leather, valued at \$279,778 dollars. In 1855, Sullivan's 40 tanneries turned out two million dollars worth of leather.

Inasmuch as the 1865 figure was for income tax you can rest assured it was slashed from the truth, perhaps even as much, or more than, fifty percent!

Mrs. James Cusator of Liberty wrote, "James Gildersleeve owned the first tannery in the town of Liberty. Born in 1786, the father of 16 children and a veteran of the War of 1812, James Gildersleeve began his tanning operations with very crude tools.

"At first the bark was broken with a hammer; later a mill was set up, run by horsepower (one old horse). Uncle Jimmy, as he was called (in the casual, friendly way), tanned hides and skins for his neighbors on shares. The shoes from his leather seldom wore out, but then children went barefooted from May to October. From this small beginning the tanning industry grew, bringing fame and fortune to the sons of Liberty pioneers."

Putting the shoe on the right foot, elders as well as children didn't wear shoes in the summer, except to church! They sat down by the roadside and put them on just before going in to worship.

The Catskill hemlock leather beyond doubt seldom wore out. It was the finest leather made anywhere in the world! Imagine this fact: the boots never leaked, without using water-proofing!

After the war, when the hemlock supply was dwindling, oak bark was used, first as an additive. Later the present chemical tanning process began. Oak tanned leather is now the best obtainable, but is in such short supply you find it only in the best sporting boots. And hemlock-tanned leather is not obtainable at all.

The tanning profits were enormous! In 1856 a Mongaup Valley tannery, with an overhead of \$12,000 turned out 50,000 sides of leather valued at \$187,000: 5,000 cords of bark were used, 70 men employed.

James Gildersleeve paid a man and his oxen 75 cents for a half-day's work drawing bark in 1829. In 1830 he laid out 14 shillings (\$1.65) per cord of bark. By comparison the Governor of the State was paid \$4,000 a year, the Lt. Gov. \$6.00 a day and mileage.

No wonder the workers couldn't afford to wear the shoes from the leather they made . . . except to church!

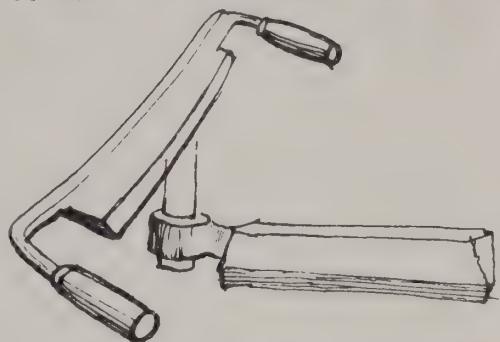
In 1855, according to J. H. French's *Gazetteer of the State*, which used census reports, there were 40 tanneries in Sullivan doing a two million dollar business. Transfer that two million dollars worth of leather reported in 1865 into today's figures!

By 1844, James Gildersleeve and his son, Nathaniel, owned a sawmill, gristmill and tannery. The buildings stood in the gorge now largely filled in and covered over, below the cemetery bridge in the village of Liberty. The tannery extended from bank to bank, over the Mongaup. The partners did an excellent business in tanning and currying, sending upper leather and calfskin to New York City.

Mrs. Cusator continues, "Then a disastrous flood destroyed the tannery. Undaunted, the Messrs. Gildersleeve moved to Liberty Falls (Ferndale). Here they were still doing business, and paying taxes, in 1865. Records show that in that year they manufactured 103,198 pounds of sole leather valued at \$32,961, and paid an income tax of \$1,694.60. (The tax was 1 and 2/3 cents per pound. For the year ending June 30, 1865, Sullivan tanneries paid the United States government \$142,983.92. Income tax began August 5, 1861 - 3% of all income over \$800.)

"James Gildersleeve died in 1870. William Gildersleeve, son of Nathaniel, was proprietor of a tannery near Liberty in 1872. He manufactured sole leather. Later, going to Tennessee, he continued in the leather business. David Clements, Abiel Bush and Lucas Forbes had a tannery at Bushville.

"Judge William Horton tanned the first leather in Delaware County. William's son, with his wife, six sons and four daughters, came to Liberty Falls in 1826. Here he erected the first frame house and the first gristmill. Later he built a tannery, the chimney of which is still standing, and is now used as a TV tower.



Drawknife And Froe Used For Tapering And Splitting Shingles For Pioneer Tanneries

"He died in 1855, but left a family of successful tanners to carry on his name. Five sons and 13 grandchildren, either directly or indirectly engaged in the tanning industry. Later Henry Gurd took over the Horton tannery. In 1845, one of Isaac's sons, Charles entered the tannery business at Liberty Falls with Nathaniel Gildersleeve, thus joining two great pioneer names of the tannery business as a partnership venture.

"Stevensville (now Swan Lake) received its name from the Stevens Brothers. Native tanners from Schoharie County, they conducted a sole leather tannery in Stevensville until it burned in 1856. One brother, Daniel, rebuilt the tannery and continued the business until after 1872.

"Traffic in Parksville, during the late '60s, presented congestion problems only exceeded by the automobiles of today. A number of tanneries operated there. They were owned by William Bradley, James F. Bush, Thomas Crary and his brother-in-law, J. Newton Young. Crary and Young, alone, kept 20 or 30 mule teams to haul the loads in and out of their tanneries.

"Grant and Lane operated a tannery across the street from the present Elks Club in Liberty. This was badly damaged by the summer flood of 1855. Quinlan mentioned this flood as follows: 'On the 24th of July, 1855, showers of rain raised the Mongaup until it swept everything in its way. The tanyard of Grant and Lane was overflowed, leaches torn away, etc. The tannery of James Gildersleeve and son was undermined and torn to pieces; their leather hides carried downstream. Their loss was \$10,000.

"In 1862, Senator Robert Y. Grant died and his tanning business subsequently was taken over by his son Oscar B. Grant (A Lieutenant in the U. S. Marines during the Civil War.) About 1870, Oscar, affectionately known as "Doc," dismantled the tannery and moved to Ridgeway, Pa., where he continued in the leather business. O. B. Grant, a man of wealth, hated autos and would never ride in one, but when he died at the age of 80, ironically, the horse drawn carriage had given way to the modern coach, and this Civil War veteran was carried to his last resting place in the "devil wagon" he despised.

"About 100 years ago (1832), Mason Crary built a tannery on the flats south of Liberty. A sawmill and several tenant houses were later erected. Mason Crary, unlike his brothers, was an inventor, and a dreamer, and not a business executive. Hence the inhabitants who knew him doubted his business would succeed. They doubted to each other, they doubted to strangers; they doubted loud and long, until the

little community became known as Downtonville, and to this day the little bridge over the Mongaup, near Ben Gerow's gas station on route 17, is known as the Downtonville bridge. * The tannery burned. Watson Hose Co., now No. 1's, used their new pumper for the first time on this fire.

"While the tanneries flourished, the trout disappeared from the streams, killed by the residue. However, with the passing of the tanning business, they again filled the many streams and brooks as a lure to the summer boarders. As the summer boarders flocked to Sullivan County, hemlock was once again in demand, but this time as lumber, needed to build or enlarge the small houses that had sufficed the settlers.

"On the farm of J. Newton Clements, just east of Liberty village, they peeled the hemlock before sawing the logs into lumber. The following winter, with the slackening of farm work, Mr. Clements would sell the bark to the Fairchild tannery in Monticello, delivering it with horses and sleigh.

"It was an all day trip, and especially long to the mother with two small children at home. Often, when night drew near, the children would stand by the road and put their ears to the ground to catch the beat of the horse's feet, a quarter of a mile away.

"The Clements family sold bark as late as 1906."

Some of these fortunes which were made during the Civil War years, when Sullivan County tanning was at its peak were lost during the 1870 depression. But the Webb Horton Memorial Church and the Elizabeth Horton Memorial Hospital of Middletown were erected by a large share of money given by the heirs of the Horton family who had vast holdings in county tanneries.

Mildred Parker Seese, Middletown Times Herald Record columnist wrote. "The fact that there were tanneries in Greene County is of importance in Middletown and all of western Orange County because we still profit directly and indirectly from the southward migration of tanners when the hemlocks around Windham, Ashland and Prattsville gave out.

"The chief monument to the tanning industry, perhaps the only one, is the rock carving representing Zadok Pratt overlooking his village and the Schoharie Creek, which furnished water necessary for both the tanning process and the power his tannery needed. That rocky hill once bore a noble forest of deep green, red barked hemlocks.

* (This bridge was just south of the present Mongaup bridge on the northbound entrance to the Route 17 Quickway at exit 100. Editor)

"Catskill, where the tanners put their produce on Hudson sloops, has a monument of another kind, the Tanner's National Bank. And there is Tannersville across the mountain from Windham.

"Albert E. Babcock, who built the Cornelius & Dodd Funeral Home on Grove Street for his daughter, Mrs. Thrall (long the Harry Gould residence, and his brother Linus B., who became a Middletown hat manufacturer, and built a fine residence on an eminence now leveled and replaced by a gas station opposite Central Firehouse, went down from Sullivan. But they were sons of an early tanner at Prattsville and Ashland, and first cousins of the railroad financier from Delaware County . . . Jay Gould. Albert's daughter, Sara Maretta Thrall, was Middletown's Beneficent Lady."

The Matthews & Hunt carpetbag factory and at least a dozen families, some of great importance to the city -- like Horatio Wilcox, a hatter who built Dr. Pohlmann's house at Railroad and Grove--went from Greene County to Middletown in related migrations. And about 1895 the Newburys took their foundry from Coxsackie to Goshen, which was for them really a return to near their pioneer territory in Warwick.

Service to the Sullivan County tannery industry was among the reasons Samuel Callendar Howell built a depot and warehouse and persuaded the Erie to designate a stop at his place on a trade route from Sullivan to the Hudson. Thus we have the Orange County hamlet of Howells, dominated by the magnificent brick Howell house which was long the home of the Times-Herald advertising staff's Fanny Dudley.

The Dietz operation at Burlingame, from where some Dietzes went to Syracuse and the lantern business, probably was Sullivan's first tannery of consequence. One of the Dietz buildings, as well as a family home, still exists, on the property that was, in the 1930's, Camp Isida for Macy Store employees, after the late Benjamin Todd of Middletown, Marie's father, had made a summer resort around the tannery pond.

John Joachim Dietz, whose tannery and glue factory in New York depending on hides from his fellow-Rhinelander, John Jacob Astor, moved the tannery to the Sullivan-Orange border in 1818 to be near the source of tanning bark. The bark supply gave out about 1838, but the family is represented in the area.

The earliest Orange County tannery, Mildred Parker Seese reports, was the Dill and Boyd at Hunting Grove, near Burnside. She says it was either the Robert Boyd, junior, Revolutionary arms maker, or his father who was the partner with Dill.

French's *Gazetteer* says that Bethel township tanneries turned out

102 thousand sides of leather annually 100 years ago. That Callicoon's (then pronounced Caw-li-coon) five large tanneries turned out 125 thousand, "Lumbering and tanning form the leading objects of industry" in Cochecton. Fallsburgh: 80,000. Forestburg, 100,000. "Tanning and lumbering form the principal employments of the people." But evidently Highland had no tannery, French said, "the people are chiefly engaged in lumbering and the rudiments of farming."

Liberty turned out 106 thousand sides of leather, Lumberland evidently had no tanneries, but there has been timbering since at least 1762, when "Reeves Sawmill" was mentioned in the Minisink Patent. He didn't report how much leather Mamakating turned out, though they had tanneries, but did say the 1855 census shows "this town is second only to Thompson in dairying." Neversink's 1855 production was 95 thousand sides, Rockland's area had one of the most extensive tanneries in the state and annually tanned 170 thousand sides of leather. Thompson, where people raised stock, lumbered and tanned, turned out 35,000 . . . Tusten's people were generally engaged in farming and lumbering rather than tanning.

Former Sullivan County Historian, Charles C. Hicks compiled this list, with the following footnote:

The above (below) is for the year ending June 30th, 1865, and is probably taken from a tax return. The tax paid to the U. S. Govt. (Civil War tax) was \$142,893.92 - which is the rate of 1 2/3 cents per pound.

Names		Pounds	Value
Wales, Gad & Co., Forestburg, later Gildersleeve		225,818	\$ 67,793
Wheeler, O. B. Oakland Valley		121,711	42,437
Gilman, W. St. Josephs		246,252	63,730
Wales, Gideon Pike Pond		303,938	97,896
Hammond, S. & Son DeBruce		826,280	279,778
Morss, Medad T. Woodbourne		324,866	102,699
Morss, Medad T. Morsston		341,239	100,453
Morss, Medad T. Black Lake		206,849	66,370
Miles & Miles Hankins, Mileses		88,527	27,784
Clark, E. A. & Co. Jeffersonville		600,051	243,461
Horton Knapp & Co. Cochecton Center		247,309	74,811
Babcock, L. B. Beaverkill		184,329	62,517
Buckley & Lapham			
(same as Hoyt Bros.) Callicoon Center		207,795	75,572
Buckley, B. P. & Sons Fremont Center		312,292	80,637
Utter & Palen Rockland		161,212	54,806

Names		Pounds	Value
Babcock, A. E.	Beaverkill	149,367	57,987
Inderlied, Henry	Parksville	107,584	31,469
Horton, Clements & Co.	Liberty Falls	286,303	71,490
Cochrane & Appley	Roscoe	100,058	29,372
Hoyt Brothers (reside in N. Y.)	Callicoon Center	265,653	92,688
Interlied, Henry	Youngsville	12,413	3,238
Young & Crary	Parksville	146,665	47,528
Palen & Flagler	Fallsburg	464,757	149,138
Snyder & Bushnell	Claryville	326,792	94,431
Palen & Co.	Neversink Flats	373,299	112,422
Castle, Philip A.		87,654	41,508
Gildersleeve, J. & N.	Liberty Falls	103,198	32,961
Stevens, D. T.	Stevensville (Swan Lake)	157,979	42,810
Johnston, John	Denning, Ulster Co.	74,196	22,530
Hammond, Stoddard	Grahamsville	199,082	65,265
Grant, O. B.	Liberty	189,190	31,877
Dutcher & Decker	Willowemoc	110,929	36,266
W. Kiersted & Co.	Mongaup Valley	513,405	161,104
Fobes, Edwin	Bushville	192,147	59,504
Snyder, John B.	Claryville	25,597	14,220
Kuykendall & Knapp	Summitville	61,511	27,079
Denniston, C. W.		68,411	28,310
Bowers & Morris	Wurtsboro	6,914	3,107
Dietz, G. F.	Burlingham	29,879	11,346
Totals Lbs.		8,567,872	\$2,609,289

The tanning industry gave employment to many men, the larger ones employing as many as 700 at a time. Boom towns sprang up around the tanneries. Today they are ghost towns, like Ferndale, or forgotten communities, like Starlight, which did have a post office, or marked only by a few vestiges of foundations and village homes, like Fallsburgh, leaving very little evidence of the many tanneries which dotted Sullivan's 1,082 square miles.

"Tanneries varied in size," Jack E. Hope reported "from very small establishments employing three or four workers to large, well-planned operations such as the Palen tannery built in the year 1832 on the falls of the Neversink in Sullivan County. The main building of this tannery measured 40 x 350 feet and contained 160 tanning vats, capable of holding 25,000 sides of leather. In operation, the business required 4,000 cords of hemlock bark yearly (a cord is roughly equivalent to

one ton of bark). About 40 workers earned their living under the roof of this one building, while additional manpower was needed in order to harvest the huge amount of bark. The Claryville tannery, built in 1848, also in Sullivan County, was even larger. It employed 50 men, and tanned 30,000 sides of leather annually.

"But the tanners, whose aim it was to 'convert the forests to cash at the least possible expense,' added to their bank accounts at the loss of their future. By 1870 the Catskills fell behind the Southern Tier and Adirondack counties in leather production. At this time, New York lost her lead to Pennsylvania, with tanning establishments declining in number from more than 1,000 in 1870 to but 147 in 1900, following state-wide depletion of hemlock.

"It's small wonder that the supply of hemlock bark disappeared. Following tanning processes of the day, one "long" ton (2,240 pounds) of hemlock bark was needed to tan between 200 to 300 pounds of leather. With tanneries the size of Rufus Palen's, mentioned above, using as much as 4,000 long tons of bark yearly, the hills were soon denuded of hemlock. These three species, along with a few others, are the "natural successors" in the Catskill area, ruling out the possibility of natural replacement of the hemlock stands"

Hope continues, "Profit-minded tanners did not heed the warnings of the few foresighted individuals who predicted the inevitable exhaustion of the hemlock stands and the downfall of the tanning business.

"At the turn of the century, Catskill tanneries were on their way out; only eight small businesses remained. The area also possessed oak and chestnut, which could have been used for tanning, but these species were relatively scarce and their utilization for tanning would have been impractical.

"During their period of prosperity these tanneries were not benefited by any of the more modern advances in tanning technology. Beginning about 1880, laborsaving machinery and new tanning compounds found their place in American leather manufacture. Although the plant extract, tannin, is still the leading ingredient in tanning formulas, its importance has been diminished by the popular use of oils, aldehydes, chrome and synthetic tanning materials. But the revolutionary formulas and mechanical advantages of modern tanning came too late to save the tanning industry and the hemlocks of the Catskills. The region's importance as a leather producer vanished as quickly as it came about.

"Had this heavy exploitation of the hemlock been postponed by some twenty years, modern technology might have prevented the com-

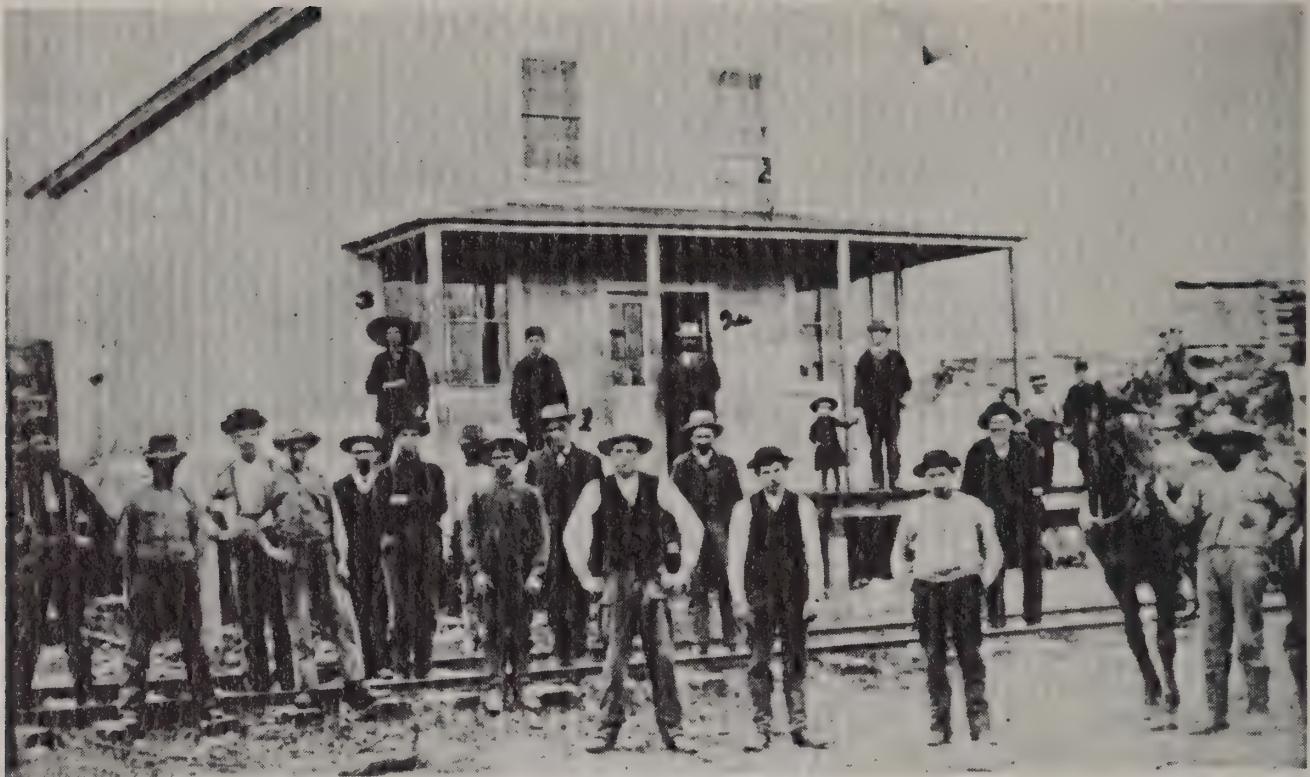


Photo from Sullivan County Museum Archives

GILLMAN'S TANNERY, in the Town of Forestburg, was staffed by this "no nonsense" crew, lined up in front of the company store in the autumn of 1886. This tannery, located along the Monticello & Port Jervis Railroad, was one of the last of the big tanneries.

plete disappearance of the Catskill tanneries. But no amount of enlightenment now can restore these tanneries nor the great tracts of hemlock that played such a brief but dramatic role in the history of the Catskills."

Had this exploitation been postponed by one year, the North might have lost the Civil War . . . "for the want of a nail . . . "

French tells us that Sullivan's valuation in 1858 was \$4,276,586. Now it is, assessed valuation \$121,257,502: true valuation \$330,387,709.

In 1858, Thompson was our richest township, with Mamakating second with \$658,778, but Mamakating was ahead in valuation of real estate, \$612,928 to \$515,680, but way behind in value of personal property, only \$45,850 compared to Thompson's \$225,800. Rockland was the county's poorest township with only \$115,685 valuation, of real and personal property.

Other interesting 1858 figures: there were 125,489 1/4 acres of improved lands, 494,829 1/4 unimproved. Four to one. I doubt that today's comparison is any better, if as good, for we hit our peak around the turn of the twentieth century.

Our population was 29,487, and it is still under 50,000. 15,491 men, 13,996 ladies, more men than women, as on any frontier. There were only 5,403 dwellings, 5,517 families, 4,070 freeholders, 46 churches, 167 school districts (now 10) with 12,330 children in school. There were two secondary schools, Monticello and Liberty academies. Mamakating maintained its lead over Thompson down the line, except in freeholders. Thompson had 514, Mamakating 511. The town of Forestburg had the least number of people; a total of 598,325 in school. The town of Delaware hadn't come into being.

Thompson had the most horses, 440 and cows, 1721, raised the most dairy products, chiefly butter. Liberty had the most working oxen and calves, 2,463 and made more cheese than Thompson. Neversink led with sheep, 2,450, Mamakating had the top number of hogs, 1,751, raised the most grain, nearly 50,000 bushels. Neversink the most apples, 14,545 bushels.

French also said, sort of prophetically, "The climate is cool and bracing, and the county is remarkably healthy."

Sullivan's population of 29,487 people included 110 colored. There were 5,727 voters, only men in those days; 3,606 aliens, 21,508 New York born, 23,185 born in the country. 6,128 were born out of the country. Also there were 436 people over 21 who couldn't read or write, but probably most over 21 could only read and write their own name. There were 11 deaf and dumb, 13 blind, 16 insane, 13 idiots.

Ulster County's population then was 67,936, Orange 60,868. Orange had 1,426 black or mulatto . . . but there was only one slave still living in New York State in 1855 when these figures were compiled.

Back in 1790 Sullivan had 1,763 people . . . in 1800, 3,222. Just how these figures were compiled we don't know, inasmuch as Sullivan wasn't set off from Ulster until 1809. In 1810 we had 6,108; 1814, 6,233; 1820, 8,900; 1825, 10,373; 1830, 12,364; 1835, 13,755; 1840, 15,629; 1845, 18,727; 1850, 25,088; 1855, 29,487.

Sullivan and Ulster had no medical society, though most other counties did.

There were many religious, literary and benevolent societies in 1860, all of which arose between 1822 and 1825, and all with annual meetings during "Anniversary Week" on the 2nd week in May in New York City. The American Bible Society which started in 1809 in the state, began in Sullivan in 1826. It had raised over \$5,000 up to May of the year 1858.

The Free and Accepted Masons order began in Sullivan in 1861. Oddly, horseracing at Saratoga started during the war itself, Aug. 1863.

Sullivan was a state leader in one agricultural "product" . . . the number of working oxen. They drew the loads of hides in, the bark to the tanneries, the leather out. We had 4,265 working oxen, bested only by Chataqua, Delaware, Dutchess, Saint Lawrence, Steuben, Ulster and Westchester.

We had only 15 stone houses, no brick ones, 4,230 frame homes, 757 log houses, a total of 5,403. There were 3,643 farms, with 125,489-1/4 improxed acres, 620,318 1/2 unimproved. Eleven counties had more unimproved land. Ten counties had more sawmills . . . but no county had more tanneries.

Gales in the town of Thompson is now just a memory. Bashville in Bethel is gone. Neversink Falls had 25 homes, was even in 1860 the Fallsburg post office. Now it's often called Old Falls to differentiate it from South Fallsburg which grew up around the New York, Ontario & Western railway depot. Sandburg's 15 homes would come to be known as Mountaintdale; Woodridge was then Centerville; Liberty Falls is now Ferndale, and Glen Cove is Grossinger. Robertsonville became White Sulphur Springs, Stevensville turned into Swan Lake.

Neversink Flats, which in 1860 had the Neversink post office (and post offices were in their infancy) is now obliterated by the New York City water supply reservoir of the same name. Morsston has been forgotten for Morsston Depot on the O and W Railroad which we call Livingston Manor.

Westfield Flats turned into Roscoe in honor of Senator Roscoe Conkling. The Delaware river's raftsmen often called Lackawaxen "Lacawack," but Lacawack was on the Roundout River located directly under the present Merriman dam.

Consider this, away back then, when the great war began, this was a raw, rough frontier, with booming growing towns. Some of our townships, like Fallsburgh, Liberty and Thompson of the present Golden Triangle, have more permanent residents, but most townships of Sullivan have less.

In 1860, Neversink had 2,180 people, now only 1,555. In 1860 Cocheeton had 3,071 compared to today's 1,067.

* * *

THE TURNPIKES

Transportation in Sullivan County during the Civil War swung along and revolved around three key routes, the Erie Railroad, and the Delaware River which it follows on the south, and the Delaware and Hudson Canal. Northern Sullivan was served by the Denning-Napanoch Plank Roads. The chief east-west route however was that of the Newburgh-Cochecton Turnpike.

This old turnpike was for more than half a century one of the most profitable pieces of property in the state. It is said that it paid larger dividends on its capital stock before the days of railroads than any other enterprise of a similar character in the Union.

It aided the then village of Newburgh to take a long stride towards the great prosperity it has enjoyed, and was the avenue which opened up to settlement almost the whole of Sullivan county together with a large area in northern Pennsylvania.

Its projectors and builders were, with two or three exceptions, capitalists and business men of Newburgh. The exceptions were wealthy farmers and land owners of the adjacent town of Montgomery.

Jacob Powell was the first President of the company; George Monell, Treasurer; William H. Weller, Secretary; and Jonathan Hedges, Charles Clinton, Levi Dodge, Daniel Stringham, Jonathan Fisk, Cyprian Webster, Reuben Neeley, Daniel C. Verplank, Hamilton Morrison and David Crawford composed the first Board of Directors.

The direction of the road from Newburgh was substantially due west until it reached the Delaware River at Cochecton. It never "swung round" either hills or mountains. Crossing the Shawangunk mountain at one of its steepest inclines, it did not deviate from the course, perceptibly to the eye, as it ascended the Barrens west of Mamakating valley, and on to the Neversink and Mongaup, over the highest hills and across the intervening valleys.

It is doubtful whether forty rods can be found along the road where its course deflects ten degrees from a straight line, and that due east and west.

** Originally placed at White Lake. Now on display at Sullivan County Museum.*



* *Newburgh - Cochecton Turnpike Milestone*

Its length from the east abutment of the Cochecton Bridge to the corporate bounds of Newburgh was sixty and one-half miles.

Work was commenced on it in 1802, and it was pushed across Orange County and as far as the Mongaup river, which separates the towns of Thompson and Bethel, in Sullivan County, by the spring of 1808. In 1807 the bridge across the turbulent little Neversink at Bridgeville was completed and enclosed. Its builder was Major Salmon Wheat, an Orange County farmer, who resided near the present village of Howells, in that county. He was a man of a high order of genius, and had he lived later in the century might have been not an unworthy rival of Roebling. Without any apprenticeship or preliminary instruction, he took the contract to build the bridge over the Neversink, which was looked upon by the directors of the company as a very difficult piece of work, owing to the sandy and uncertain condition of the banks on both sides, and the terrific current which was swelled by the floods that poured down from the northern mountains of Sullivan in spring and autumn.

After taking the contract, Major Wheat went to Philadelphia and Trenton where large bridges were in process of construction at the time. Being detected one day in measuring and making a rough draft of one of the arches which was about being placed in position, his drawing was confiscated and he was threatened with rough treatment

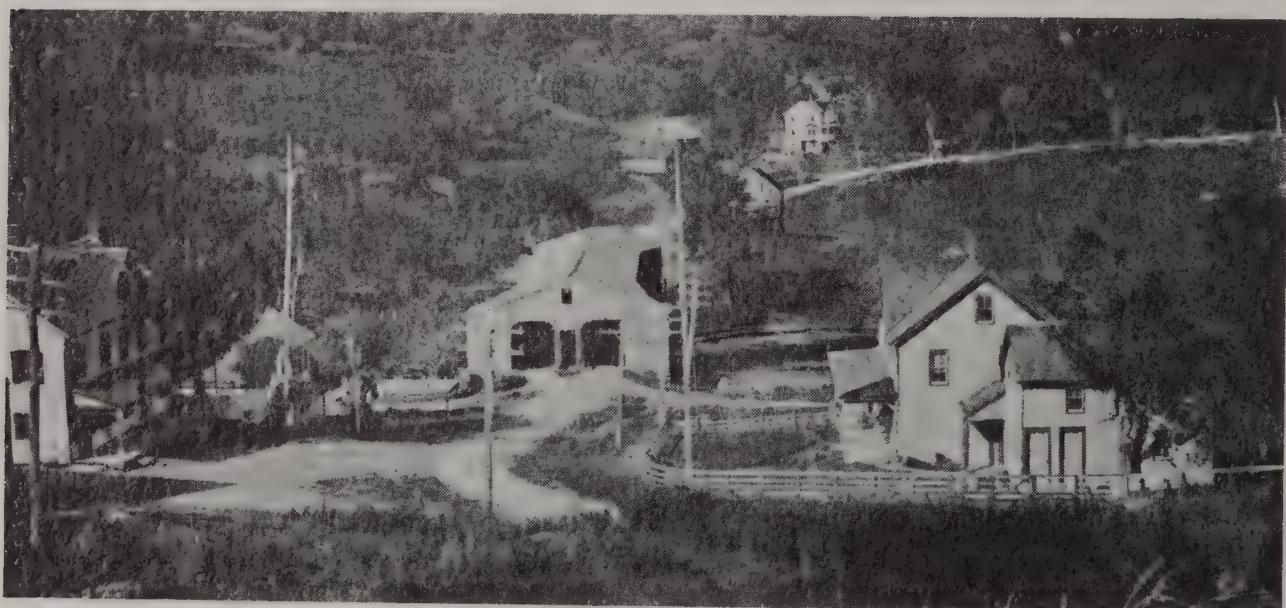


Photo from Sullivan County Museum Archives

BRIDGEVILLE COVERED BRIDGE, the pioneer structure built by Major Salmon Wheat in 1807. This bridge was a vital link in the Newburgh-Cochecton Turnpike which may be seen approaching the span in the background and ascending the hill. The bridge was demolished in 1923 after 116 years of faithful service.

if he persisted in his work of obtaining a model. He remained in the vicinity some time however, and came away with the model of the bridge "in his head," as he expressed it. He went to work immediately on the Neversink bridge and succeeded in producing what has been declared by competent engineers to be the best single span wooden bridge ever constructed in the United States.

The road was finished through to the Delaware in 1808, just forty years before the iron horse thundered up the valley through Cochecton and sounded the death knell to the prosperity of the old road.

From 1815 to the time when the Erie railroad became established and in good running condition, the business done on the road and along it was immense. There were "inns and taverns" every half mile where "accommodations for man and beast" could be found, and Orange County whiskey and New England rum could be had for three cents a glass. All these early hostelries did a fair business and had all the customers they could care for with the limited means and room at their disposal.

So great was the travel on the road that sometimes it was difficult and unpleasant for drivers of light vehicles to make good time. In the spring when the roads were breaking up and the frost was releasing its hold, they were impeded every little distance by finding a loaded team stuck in the mud, and in the summer and fall the clouds of

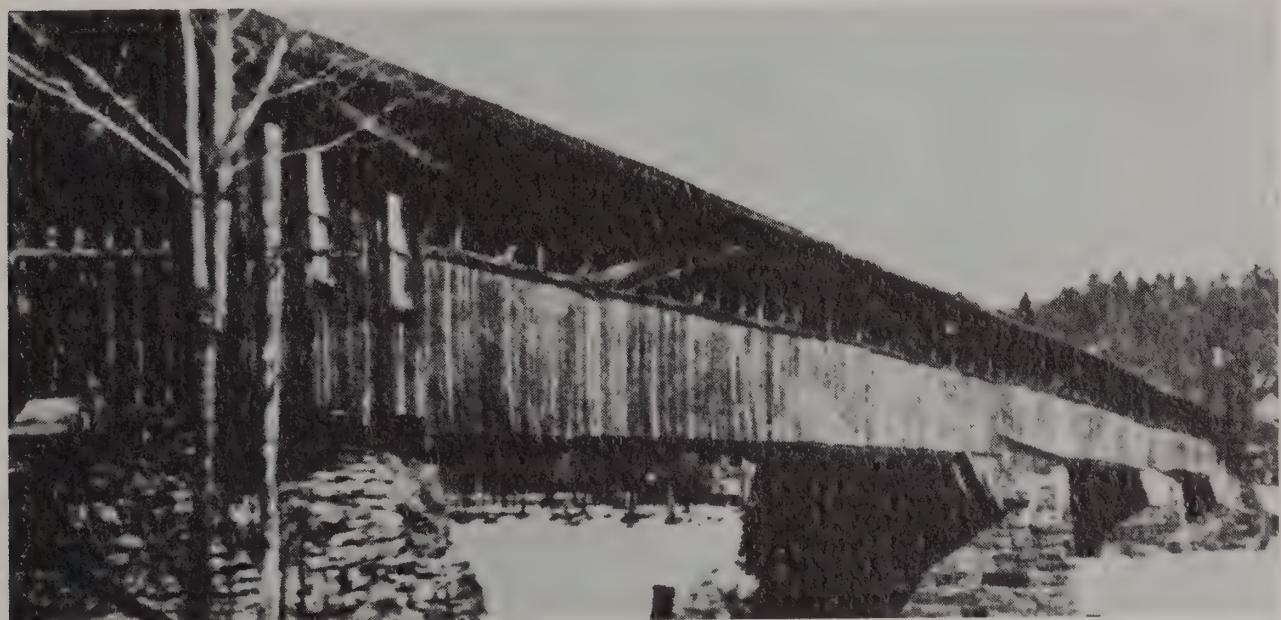


Photo from Sullivan County Museum Archives

THE COCHECTON COVERED BRIDGE, the terminus of the Newburgh-Cochecton Turnpike at the Delaware River, where it joined up with the Cochecton and Great Bend Turnpike in Pennsylvania. This bridge was washed out in the great flood of 1902.

dust raised by hundreds of cattle and sheep that were driven over the road to the eastern market was a very great nuisance to the traveler whose only business it was to get to his journey's end in the pleasantest way possible.

After the road was first opened, the central part of Sullivan County was quickly settled, by people principally from the state of Connecticut. The western part of the county, with the exception of that portion contiguous to the Delaware, remained a wilderness until forty years later when it was chiefly occupied by emigrants from Germany.

The railroads made it necessary that new routes of travel should be opened upon the shortest lines to these great arteries of trade and travel.

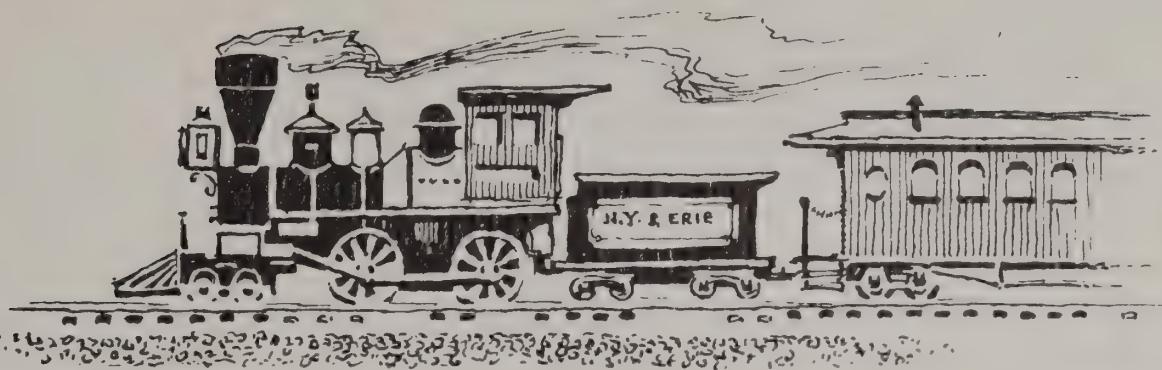
The Wurtsboro & Middletown Plank Road Company acquired title to the portion of the old turnpike running from Wurtsboro to the eastern line of Sullivan at the bridge across the Shawangunk Kill, and afterwards, thirteen miles of the road was sold to the Monticello and Wurtsboro Plank Road Company. The western end of the road running from Monticello to Cochecton was abandoned or turned over to the towns. Later a portion of it was absorbed by the Monticello and White Lake Turnpike.



Photo from Sullivan County Museum Archives

NARROWSBURG DEPOT, on the New York and Erie Railroad, between the years 1860-70. This early view shows the station, water tower and eating place. The tracks were still broad gauge, which were later narrowed to conform with the standard gauge of connecting lines.

THE RAILROAD



War freight rose to record heights. For the first time coal began to be an extensive and a valuable factor in the earnings of the Erie. Anthracite began to pour in upon it from the Delaware and Hudson at Port Jervis, in nearby Orange County.

The Prisoner-of-war camp at Elmira figured in one of the most disastrous accidents in the history of Erie, at King and Fuller's Cut, so-called from the contractors who dug it, near Shohola across the river from Barryville.

Frank Evans, a survivor of the terrible catastrophe, recalls these memories of it:

"It was about the middle of July in 1864. I was in the Union Army, and was one of a guard of 125 soldiers who were detailed to take a lot of Confederate prisoners from Point Lookout, Virginia, to the prison camp at Elmira, New York, which had just been made ready to receive them. There were ten thousand prisoners in all to be transferred, and this lot was the first installment to be moved. There were about 800 of them.

"Two guards were stationed on the platform at each end of each car. We got started from Jersey City about 5 o'clock in the morning. I was one of the guards stationed well back on the train, and a lucky thing it was for me that I was so stationed.

"We passed through the little village of Shohola in the afternoon, going something like twenty-five miles an hour. We had run a mile or so beyond Shohola, when the train came to a stop with a suddenness that hurled me to the ground, and instantly a crash arose, that rivaled the shock of battle, filled that quiet valley. This lasted a moment. It was followed by a second or two of awful silence, and then the air was filled by the most appalling shrieks and wails and cries of anguish.

"I hurried forward. On a curve in a deep cut we had met a heavily laden coal train, traveling nearly as fast as we were. The trains had

come together with that deadly crash. The two locomotives were raised high in the air, face-to-face against each other, like giants grappling. The tender of our locomotive stood erect on one end.

"The engineer and firemen, poor fellows, were buried beneath the wood it carried. Perched on the reared-up end of the tender, high above the wreck, was one of our guards, sitting with his gun clutched in his hands, dead!

"The front of our train was jammed into a space less than six feet. The two cars behind it were almost as badly wrecked. Several cars in the rear of those were also heaped together.

"There were bodies impaled on iron rods and splintered beams. Headless trunks were mangled between the telescoped cars. From the wreck of the head-car, thirty-seven prisoners were taken out dead. The engineer of our train was caught in the awful wreck of his engine, where he was held in plain sight, with his back against the boiler, and slowly roasted to death."

That frightful accident occurred about two p.m. Friday, July 15, 1864. The cause of the accident was a drunken telegraph operator at Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania, four miles west of the scene of the disaster. The official report of the killed that were buried, places the number at fifty-one Confederate and nineteen Union soldiers.

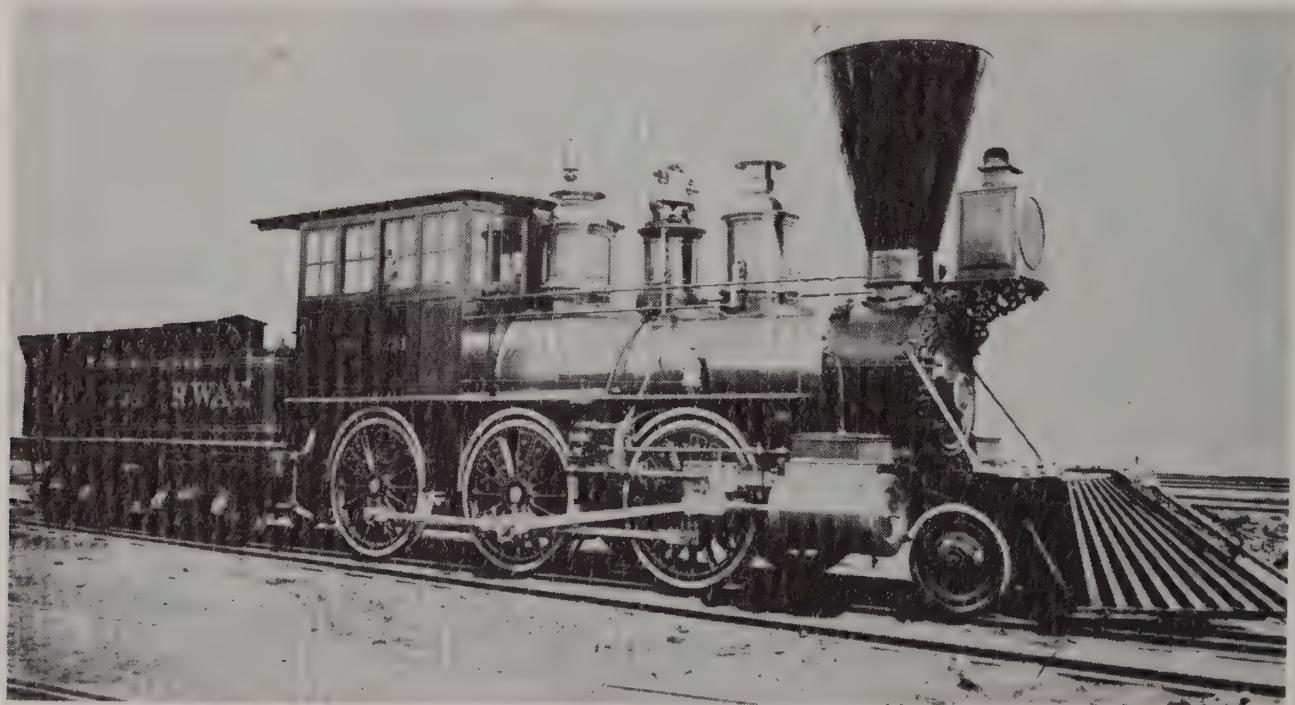


Photo courtesy of Manville B. Wakefield

ENGINE No. 254. *This is a similar type to the locomotive which was involved in the disastrous Erie prison-train wreck on Friday, July 15th, 1864, near Shohola, Pa., across the river from Barryville.*

At 9 P.M. a train was sent from Port Jervis with provisions, and due to the kindness of the railroad officials, a New York Tribune reporter was permitted to visit the scene. Upon their arrival at Shohola around 10 P.M., they found most of the wounded had been brought to the village and were occupying the freight and passenger rooms and adjoining platforms. Over sixty injured lay in this locality and several more in the Shohola House.

The citizens of Shohola and Barryville were untiring in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. Men, women and children vied with each other in their acts of kindness. "After viewing the wounded and suffering victims, and having no reason to remain," the Tribune' writer, "we passed out among the guard and prisoners who had come thru this unhurt. We were now on our way to the actual spot where the collision had taken place."

A trench 76 feet long and 8 feet wide was dug, in which to bury the bodies and, according to the Elmira Advertiser, there were 48 Confederate and 17 Unionists buried there. But there are a variety of estimates as to the exact number of casualties, depending on the source.

During an inquest held at Shohola, everyone connected with the wreck was exonerated, including Duff Kent, who gave the coal train the right-of-way. He should have known the train carrying the prisoners was on the track. Persistent reports say that he was a drinker and could have been under the influence of alcohol. He did not take the wreck very seriously and according to a story which circulated, he went to Hawley to attend a dance. The next day the public became so incensed with his actions that Kent left for parts unknown and was never heard from again.

The following day the track was cleared and a new train made up to take the prisoners and some of the injured to Elmira. During the night, a heavy guard was placed around the Southerners. Despite this, however, five managed to escape.

According to Art Meyers of Narrowsburg, who personally interviewed an old woman many years ago who lived in Yulan at the time, and recalled going to Shohola to view the wreckage when she was a very young girl. On the way she and a girl companion encountered two strange men who apparently were escaping prisoners.

The dead from the wreck rested in their common grave located between the tracks and the river for 47 years. They were then exhumed in 1911 and taken to Elmira and reburied in the Woodlawn National Cemetery with others from the prison camp. Captain Charles W.

Fenton, 2nd Cavalry A.D.C. was in charge. He contacted C. E. Terwilliger, a Port Jervis undertaker. Fred I. Terwilliger, prominent Port Jervis businessman, recalls furnishing boxes for the bodies. Captain Fenton reported to Chief Quartermaster at Governor's Island that 60 bodies were removed. It is apparent that five of the bodies were washed out by the Delaware flood waters.

One of the tablets erected in the Woodlawn National Cemetery reads as follows:

"Erected by the United States to mark the burial place of forty-nine Confederate soldiers, who, while prisoners of war, were killed in a railroad accident near Shohola, Pennsylvania, and whose remains were there buried but subsequently removed to this cemetery, where the individual graves cannot be identified."

Another tablet reads as follows:

"Erected by the United States to the memory of the following soldiers, Privates in the Eleventh Veteran Reserve Corps comprising the Union Guard who was killed with their Confederate prisoners of war in the railroad accident near Shohola, Pennsylvania, July 15, 1864, whose unidentified remains, together with those of the Confederate prisoners have been removed to this Cemetery."

* * *

THE CANAL AND THE RIVER



The war years saw tremendous increases in the shipments of coal, lumber, bluestone, glass products, cement and many manufactured products over the Delaware and Hudson Canal. With 1863, the flood tide of business activity of the war-time period began, and, throughout the year, the demand for anthracite was greater than the producing and transporting companies had the power to supply.

As a consequence, prices were high and earnings of the year were considerably more than double those of 1862.

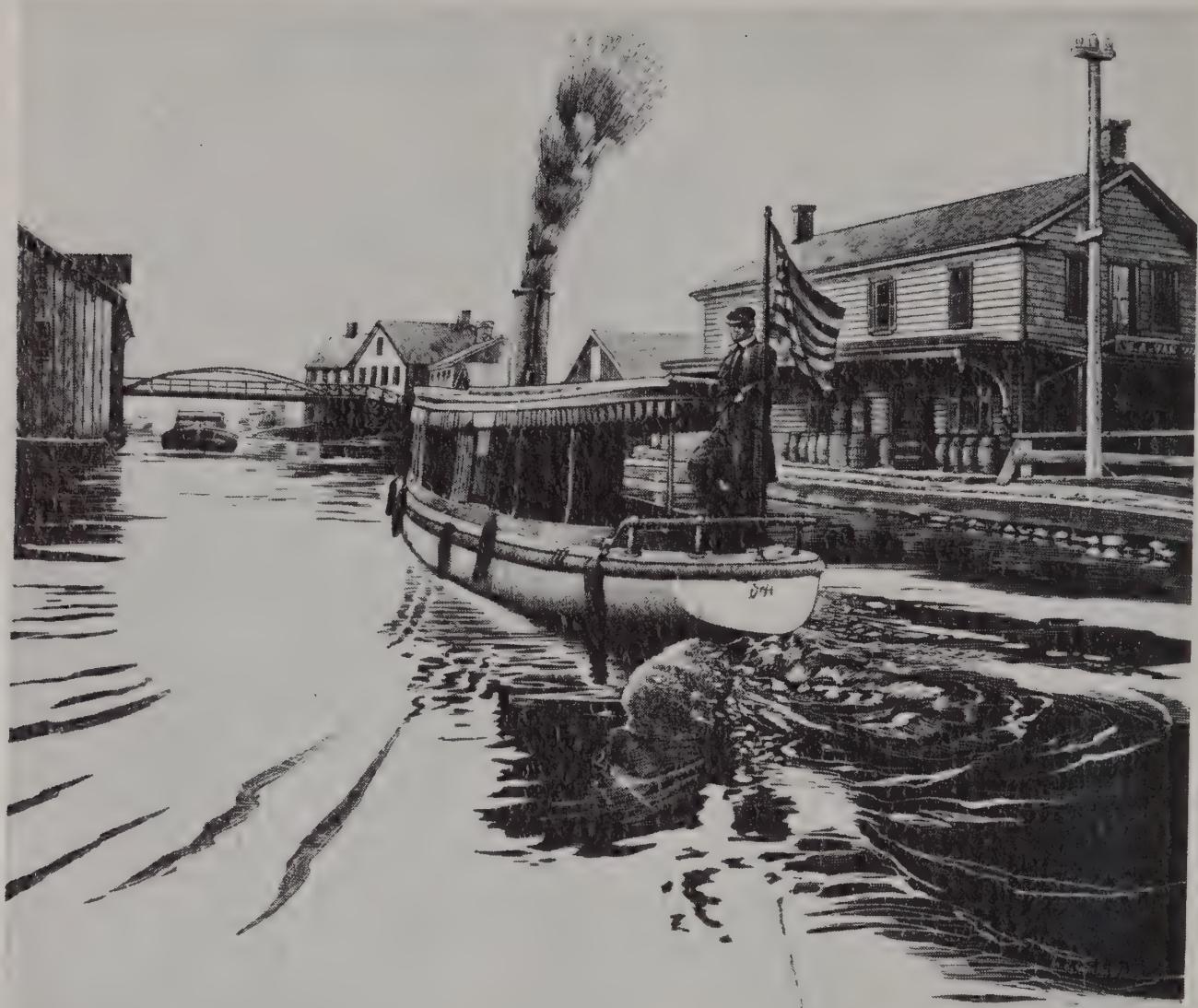
On November 17, 1863, a committee that had been appointed to consider proposed improvements on the Neversink Locks, reported an estimate of the cost of constructing six double locks and doubling the Neversink Aqueduct. The managers adopted the view that immediate prosecution of this work was desirable and appropriated \$70,000.

The project was never consummated, due to the falling off of revenue after the Civil War and the increased competition of the railroads in the transportation of coal.

The movement of log rafts, down the Delaware, increased considerably during the war years. Along with this increased prosperity came a better pay scale.

Before the Civil War the fore and hind hands of a raft received \$10 for a trip to Easton and \$15 to Trenton, including the expense of the return home. The steersmen were paid from \$15 to \$18 to Easton and \$25 to Trenton, or \$20 to Upper Blacks if an extra steersman was required through the Wellses. No expense for the return was paid a steersman.

During the Civil War these wages were much increased, hands receiving \$15 to Easton and \$20 to Trenton, steersmen were paid \$25 to Easton and \$30 or \$40 to Trenton.



Drawing by M. B. Wakefield from original photo
owned by Coke's Print Shop

DELAWARE AND HUDSON CANAL at Ellenville, showing the paymaster's boat, one of two such steam-driven launches used by the D & H Canal Company. The S. A. VanWagner building on the right still exists.

The pattern of each war is about the same, whether it is fought in the days of tanneries and turnpikes, in the era of motels and helicopters, or serfs and knights. So in conclusion, we can give an outline of home front activities during the Civil War.

First in importance was the manpower shortage. In a rural area, as Sullivan County was, the women and boys and girls had to take over the work of the farms, while the overage and unfit for service, carried on in industry. Every homesite was a farm, no matter how small, in today's sense of the term. The people of Sullivan had to provide their shelter, clothing, food and necessities, for these things, generally speaking, could not be purchased. It was a time of do-it-yourself, or do without.

Second, would be helping to keep up the morale of the boys away from home, at the front, in hospitals, in prisons, by writing letters and sending packages. It was amazing what delicacies were sent. The newly built railroads enabled families to send whole crates of food. As in our most recent wars, the women at home were also knitting and supplying extra wearing apparel. And some, no doubt, were enjoying their freedom too much to worry about the morale of their soldier or sailor mates.

Community groups often worked together to help send things to the boys or equip them before they left. Churches supplied pocket Bibles, Ladies Aids the sewing kits and stationery. The Bibles were surely used, if the letters home are any criteria, the military man of the '60s was above all a psalm singer. He was fighting a just and holy war . . . whether in butternut grey or federal blue.

There were births, taxes, deaths. During the war diphteria raged on the home front as measles raged and killed on the war front. The Kyle family of Hurleyville lost nine children to diphteria.

In the South the men of Sullivan were laying their lives on the line to prove that all men are free . . . but here at home, Samuel Jones of Monticello was yoking a Negro with oxen to plow.

* * *

TANNERIES AND TURNPIKES

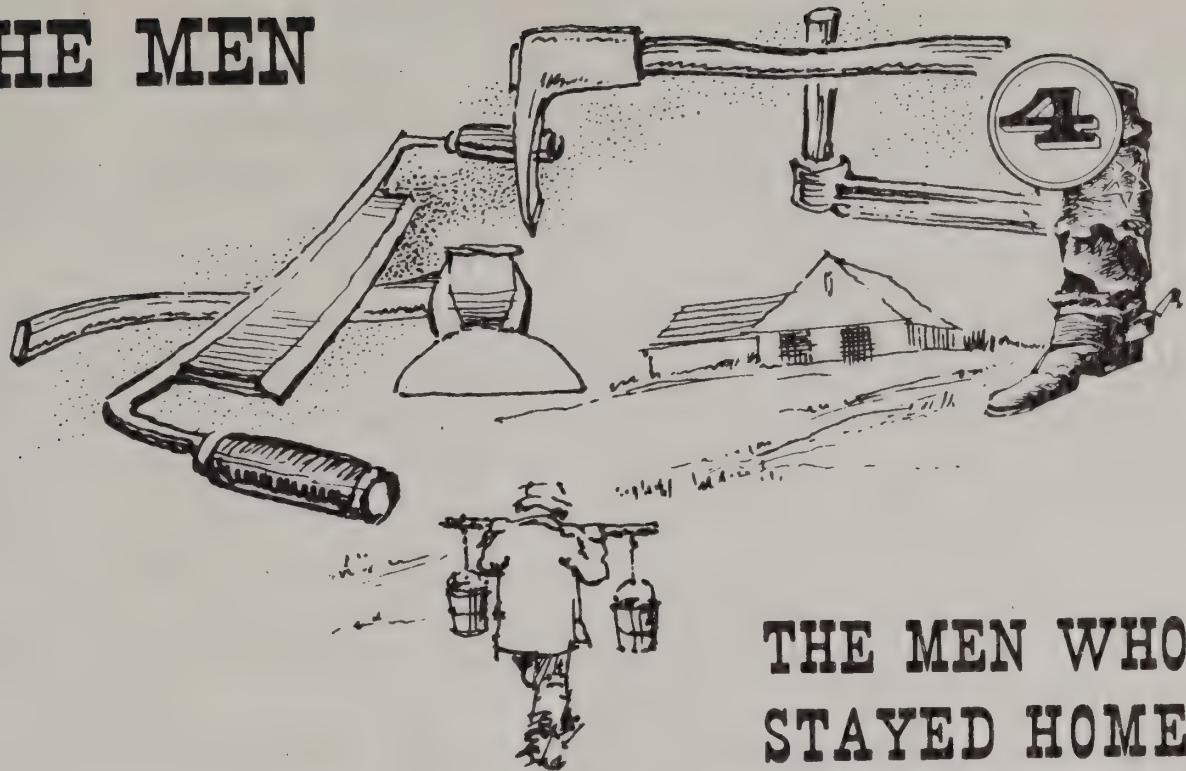
being a compilation of articles by Mrs. James Cusator, former Historian, Town of Liberty; Robert Dice, former Historian, Town of Neversink; Jack E. Hope in the New York State Conservation Department's magazine THE CONSERVATIONIST (a former student of Dr. Nathan Weiss, former Sullivan County Historian); Alberta V. (Mrs. Sidney)

Tyler, Historian Town of Cochecon; Manville B. Wakefield, Sullivan County Historian; James E. French in his GAZETTEER OF THE STATE; James E. Quinlan, in his SULLIVAN COUNTY HISTORY; Nathaniel Bartlett Sylvester in his ULSTER COUNTY HISTORY; Mildred Parker Seese, the historical columnist of the MIDDLETOWN TIMES-HERALD RECORD; Arthur N. Meyers, Historian Town of Tusten; Inez George Gridley, Town of Neversink Historian; Miss Marie Cranmer, former treasurer of the Sullivan County Historical Society; with data furnished by research of both Charles S. Hick and James W. Burbank as former Sullivan County Historians, and continuity by Robert Dice. Edited by Bert S. Feldman.

“A house divided
against itself
cannot stand.”

Lincoln.

THE MEN



THE MEN WHO STAYED HOME

BY INEZ GEORGE GRIDLEY

As the news from the battle front grew more somber, and casualty lists ran higher, men were less eager to enlist and the number of those seeking exemption grew. In 1864 in the town of Neversink there was enrollment of all able-bodied men between 18 and 45, except "idiots and lunatics." Handwritten affidavits were filed with the town clerk by those who sought exemption. The reader is struck by the number of the lame, the halt and the blind in those days of little medical care.

From documents yellowed with age comes this record of infirmities:
" . . . have been invilid for many years . . . "

" . . . weakness in his left knee . . . "

" . . . troubled with the derangement of the kidneys . . . "

" . . . this is to certify that i claime that i am not liabel to Due millitary Duty having given sattesfactory evidence that i am not liabel to Due millitary duty as required by said act by reason of furnishing a substatute is exempt from all liability to Due millitary Duty, for the turm three Dated Grames Ville 1864

6th Day of August 1864

his
William X Van Wagner
mark

“ . . . one of my legs was broken the 5th of December 1840 or 41 and it has troubled me occosionally ever since . . . and the forefinger of my right hand is off to the first joint and I claim Exemption . . . ”

“ . . . my rite arm is stiff and allso is crooced it was cased by a fever sore . . . ”

“ . . . Sullivan County

John Corgill of Neversink being duly sworn says that he was drafted into the Service of the United States on this 9th day of October last and under such *drafts* furnished a substitute and obtained certificate from this board of Enrollment for 3 years & here files this affadavit & claims exemption from military service during Said term

5th Day of August 1864”

“ . . . afflicted with the inflammatory rhumatism . . . ”

“ . . . deaf in my rite ear and cannot hear very well out of the other . . . ”

“ . . . subject to Fitz and have been for many years . . . ”

“ . . . suffering from dyspepsia . . . ”

“ . . . Enlargement of the heart producing palpitation and vertigo . . . ”

“ . . . State of New York

Sullivan County

Thomas Hues being duly Sworn deposes and sais that he has ban for a number of year and now is Troubled with a lameness and weekness in his right Legg caused as this deponent believes by a kick from a Horse, which renders him unable to Travell or do hard Labor without Lameness, and therefor claims exemption from Military Service under the Laws of this State

Thomas Hughes

* * *

8th Day of August

1864

John C. Hall

Justice of the Peace”

“ . . . the loss of the sight of his right eye occasioned by a blow of a whip when quite a boy . . . ”

“ . . . lameness of the spine . . . ”

“ . . . i have been Disabeld in my rite thum i have lost the fire joint i clame that i am not liabel to Due military Duty . . . ”

“ . . . my left knee by spells it slips out of joint so the i hav to take my hands poot it back in its place before i can walk . . . ”

“ . . . in the winter of 1859 when a Boy in school I was wrestling & was twisted over on my left knee & a big heavy Boy fell on top of one & when I got up & tried to walk I found that my knee was strained & it is twice as large as the other now & since that time I have been unable to perform any hard work & I cannot travel any at all unless I go lumped like a man of eighty years & in Consequence . . . ”

“ . . . David Cross . . . ”

“ . . . deaf in one ear . . . also am nearly blind in my right Eye in consequence of an injury recd by being run over by a log when I was a small boy . . . ”

“ . . . not able to Due a hard Days work and allso had a pitch-fork run in me . . . ”

“ . . . my write leg its shorter than the oather and it is crooked it is by spells it lays me up . . . ”

“ . . . subject with scrofula in my neck two large tumers . . . ”

In two cases parents furnished affidavits for their children.

One father made affadavit claiming “affection of eyes” for his son, and a mother swore “ . . . that my son John . . . is liable to have the bone of his knee joint slip out . . . since he was a child . . . ”

Several men had already served and been discharged, as in these examples:

“ . . . by Sirgins certificate of Disability was discharged on the 10th Day of October 1862 . . . ”

“ . . . have had by Discharge from the Surgent of 237th regiment New York . . . ”

One man made affidavit of exemption because of his religious belief:

“ . . . belonging to the Society of Friends or Quakers which are exempt from military duty by State Law . . . ”

In a few cases affidavits were made by men who had handwritten doctor's certificates attached, signed by Dr. J. L. LaMoree of Grahamsville.

The observer is surprised to see the number of illiterate men who signed their papers with an “X” . . . “John Doe X his mark” was the rule rather than the exception. This must have created considerable problems in the Union Army, and is probably the reason families never heard from a son until the war's end.

Among claims for exemption were some who made affidavit as to age: “ . . . says that he is forty six years of age that he was Born in Ireland in the year . . . ”

" . . . being duly sworn says that he was 17 Seventeen and only 17 Seventeen years old last March (1864) . . . "

There were many who claimed exemption by reason of having furnished a substitute. The substitutes are not named in the affidavits. Today we puzzle over the whole matter. Who substituted for the substitute? He must have been sound of wind and limb and of draft age or he would not have been acceptable in the Union Army. In part, one sworn affidavit went on as follows:

" . . . this is to certify that I clame that i am not liable to Due millitary Duty having given sattesfactory evidence that be i am not liable to Due millitary duty as required by said act reason of furnishing a substatute . . . "

My surname and yours are on these rolls of the men who stayed at home, just as our names are written on the records of men who served with the 143rd, or the 120th, or the 56th, or the New York Engineers. No picture of this area's part in the War of the Rebellion could be complete without looking at both sides of the record.



THE MEN WHO CAME BACK

Sun-scorched and weather-beaten they straggled back after the close of the war, making the last dusty miles from the railroad or canal on foot. One of the first memories of Sarah Currey Bonnell was of the long ago day when the father she had never seen, Richard Currey, picked her up and gave her a rough bearded kiss. He was one of the men who came back from the War of the Rebellion.

Allen Dean, a husky young fellow when he went to Kingston to enlist, came back to the hill farm at Greenville, a limping skeleton after ten months in Andersonville. He was in too poor health to make it up the stone steps to the house without help.

Full of battle stories, some wanted to forget and some would spend the rest of their lives telling and retelling. They came back to the hill farms, to the villages, to the logging woods they came, most of them bearing the scars of the war for the rest of their lives. In hillside cemeteries these old soldiers lie, their graves marked with fresh flags each Memorial Day.

Take Nathan Knight. He was one of the lucky ones who came back to live out his years. Born July 29, 1842, he was still a stripling when he enlisted for three months, then for three years, and served until the end of the war. He was in Co. K, 46th Regiment. Nathan was a 2nd Lieutenant when he was discharged. He was married May 21, 1867 to Sarah Ann Krom, by Rev. Hammond of the Dutch Reformed Church. Of their children, John of Grahamsville and Carrie Knight Barkley of Altamont, survive. John has the small leatherbound trunk his father brought home. A grandson, Alton, has the sword Nathan wore.

Mrs. Barkley writes of her father, "He was not a member of the G.A.R Post. I guess he had all the war and its results that he wanted."

Nathan Knight is buried in the little cemetery at Claryville not far from the place where he was born. Some comrades-in-arms are buried near him.

Isaac Jeliffe of Neversink, who is remembered by many, apparently enjoyed being an "old soldier," always attending reunions and re-living the campaign through Georgia with General Sherman. He served with the Sullivan County regiment, the 143rd, and was a captain when the war ended.

Della Merritt's great grandfather, Henry Burchard, was a chaplain in the Union Army. Night after night he stayed up reading and answering letters by guttering candle light for soldiers who had never learned to read or write. Sometimes the letters were carried for weeks before they were brought to him. He came out of the war with a burning purpose and was a great advocate of public education all the rest of his remaining life.

There are stories and reminiscences about many local veterans.

A few buttons from old uniforms, some faded letters, memories of old fellows telling stories around the stove in the village store.

The War of the Rebellion was more than these. It was more than death and misery and disaster. It was a struggling, a growing up. The by-gosh-and-by-guess ways gave place to a kind of systematic progress. It was a coarser, harder country that came out of the war, but a country

with a vision and confidence. Perfection was far off. There were growing pains we still feel but we developed a forward momentum that has never stopped.

Here in the Town of Neversink the veterans all brought back new ideas and new ways. This bloodiest and most tragic of wars, when brother turned against brother, changed the whole country and could not leave this small corner untouched.



THE MEN WHO NEVER CAME BACK

The men who never came back are part of the nameless statistics of the War of the Rebellion. Battle stories listed the number of the dead, the wounded and the missing. "Our losses have been slight" has always been meant to confuse the enemy, not to inform the families of the dead.

From a letter written by Chaplain Hopkins of the 120th Regiment concerning the casualties around Petersburg:

" . . . the dead are scattered here and there, buried in dooryards and gardens, along roadsides, by water-courses and in the woods-wherever the lines of the army have reached. From very many graves the slight headboards originally set up have been removed and from many of the remaining boards the lettering is wholly obliterated, while upon all of them it is growing every day fainter. The storms of the coming winter will render nameless nearly all . . . "

Each field of victory or defeat had its harvest of death. At Gettysburg where Allen Dean and Henry Dean were wounded on July 2, 1863, Rush M. Whitcomb, of Denning township, age 19, was killed.

Young Anthony Schwab of Red Hill who enlisted August 13, 1862 died March 25, 1865 of wounds received at Hatchers Run.

The winter of 1863, the winter of rains and mud, the soldiers heard the constant beating of the muffled drums as comrades were buried. Disease, typhoid, pneumonia, dysentery, carried off two men for every one who died of wounds.

The story is told of Union men who expected the order to attack an entrenched Rebel position at Mine Run. With little chance of success, and death likely in store, many of them took care to pin to their coats pieces of paper bearing their names.

Within the dreary and tangled thickets of the Wilderness where stunted pine and sweet gum, scrub oak and cedar must have reminded some of the men of the lordly Catskill hemlock, men died in the strange see-saw battle. Cannon and musketry fired the woods and many of the wounded died unaided in the flames.

John Dice of Claryville was one of the 143rd who never came back. A companion found John spent and dying, beside the road somewhere near Atlanta during Sherman's March to the Sea. The fellow soldier loaded John into a wheelbarrow and carted him to the field hospital. A tombstone or marker in his memory once stood in the Claryville cemetery. No trace of it can be found today. There still exists, however, the "Soldier's Package," which arrived from Fortress Monroe by the Adams Express Co. one long ago May. The envelope contained fifty dollars for his family.

From this great region of hills and valleys, of tanneries and saw-mills, the boys left log homes and fields by oxen. Who remembers them now?

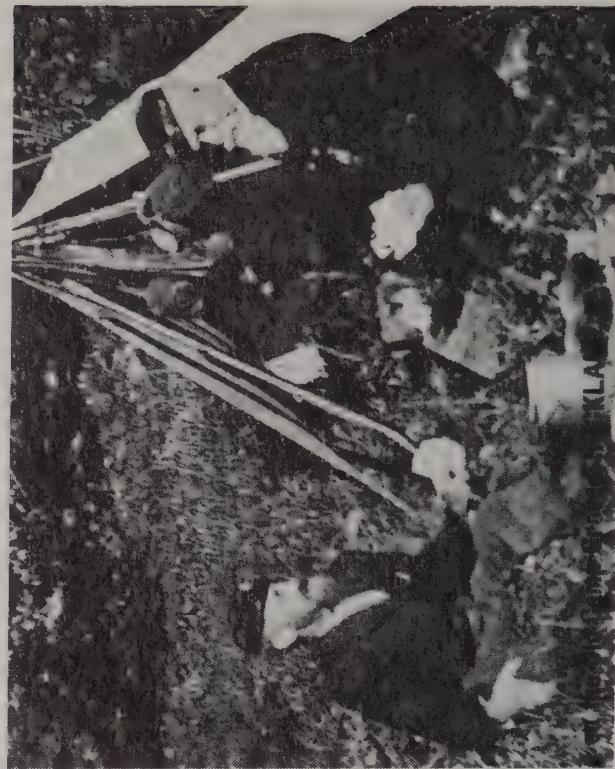


ABOVE

FIFTY YEARS LATER . . . Teller Post, G.A.R., Grahamsville. Memorial Day, 1914. FRONT ROW (l. to r.) James Van Tran, Allen Dean, Rance Curry, George Shields, Bevier Swartwout, Joe Dolloway, Willis Keator, two unidentified veterans, Burgoyne Knight and Chauncey Hall. REAR ROW (l. to r.) Jesse Brooks, Richard Curry, Gabe Curry, Alonzo Briggs, Harvey Everett, unidentified veteran, George Kortright, Steven Armstrong, Thomas Barsley, Gene Curry and John Donaldson.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Emma Hamilton

RIGHT



TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUNDS . . . Rockland, N. Y. John Wesley Darbee and McKendree N. Dodge, tent-mates during the Civil War.

From Sullivan County Museum Archives

OLD SOLDIERS' REUNION

Following the cessation of hostilities many veterans organizations were formed around the county, one of which is shown opposite. This one at Grahamsville is but one of the many established in Sullivan County. High on the agenda of the various groups were the reunions. Following is a newspaper account taken from the Monticello Watchman of August 31, 1888, of the memorable reunion of the Ratcliff Post in Livingston Manor.



The annual reunion of the surviving veterans was a successful affair. All circumstances combined to make the occasion pleasant to the veterans, their families and friends, and the vast crowd that flocked from all parts of the county. A more beautiful August day never blessed the earth. The morning was exceedingly cool, strongly suggestive of frost in many places, but the temperature increased with the rising sun, and the shade of the grove which covers Ratcliff Post Park was very welcome at mid-day.

At 10 o'clock Ratcliff Post, with the village fire department, and a squadron of splendidly mounted cavalrymen, from the Livingston Manor Independent Company, under the command of its Captain, J. D. W. M. Decker, marched to the depot to receive a delegation from Carroll Post, of Port Jervis.

On their return to Main street the marching column was formed by Major Waller, Commander of Ratcliff Post, assisted by Wm. McIntyre, Wm. B. McMillen, Isaac Jelliff and Thomas Collins, acting as aides.

In the line were 10 members of David Birney Post, No. 371, Barryville, under Commander W. W. Courtright; 18 members of Teller Post, of Grahamsville, G. F. Curry, Commander; 50 members of Caroll Post, Port Jervis, under Acting Commander Van Aken; 18 members of John G. Ross Post, of Callicoon Depot, under Senior Vice-Commander Patrick Connor; 30 members of Garrett Post, Liberty, under Commander Geo. Morris; 30 from Hammond Post, Woodbourne and Fallsburgh, Commander Mott Downie; 25 from Morgans Post, of Rockland, Commander James S. Beattie; 25 from Waterburg Post, Wurtsboro, Commander, Wm. F. Benedict; 25 members of James Bell Post from the

town of Fremont, Commander Jacob Rutz; 30 from Purvis Post, at Livingston Manor, Commander, Thomas Collins. Ratcliff Post was out in force and numbered about 35 men.

The column headed by the Cavalry squadron, with several drum corps and the Waverly Band took its line of march through Main, Liberty, Hamilton Ave. and up Main street to the park where ranks were broken, and about two thousand soldiers and civilians partook of the excellent dinner provided by Ratcliff Post, assisted by the town.

THE 143rd REGT. ASSOCIATION

At one o'clock on the call of Isaac Jelliff, of Hammond Post, the soldiers who had been members of the famous 143rd Regiment assembled in the rear of the speakers' stand to organize an association.

On motion George Morris, Commander of Garrett Post, was made chairman of the meeting. Commander Morris spoke as follows:

Comrades, we have met here to organize an association of the surviving members of our old regiment. In 1862, when our country called for men to put down a rebellion that was threatening to destroy the nation, the 143rd regiment was raised, mostly in this county, and marched to the front in October of that year. They were ready and responded to their country's call. Their record is written on the pages of history. They left their dead on the fields of Wauhatchie, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Peach Tree Creek and through the battle that lasted from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

And now, Comrades, we have met here, as the survivors of that regiment, after twenty-three years, to organize an association to keep green the memories of the dead and to cheer and animate the living. Let us proceed to business.

Three cheers were given for the speaker.

A motion was then made to organize an association to be known as The 143rd Regiment Association. It was carried, and on motion, Isaac Jelliff was made President of the organization. On motion, Comrade Charles A. Smith, of Ratcliff Post, was made Secretary of the Association.

President Jelliff thanked his comrades for the honor which they had conferred upon him and said they should take immediate steps to perfect the organization and get into the Regimental Association

every surviving member and have their names enrolled. They were now scattered, many of them in distant States, and notices of future meetings should be given in the newspapers so that their old comrades could have the chance of responding in person, or by letter. He wished the members of the press present to publish that absent members of the Regiment could have their names enrolled by addressing the Secretary, Charles A. Smith, Box 121, Monticello, New York.

He suggested that they hold their first meeting October 10th, which was the anniversary of their departure from Monticello for the front.

The place of holding the first meeting was then voted upon and Monticello was selected.

A motion was then made and carried to hold the first meeting of the Association at Monticello on Wednesday, October 10th, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Comrades present were requested to enroll their names with the Secretary before leaving the ground.

THE SPEECHES AND MUSICAL EXERCISES

The exercises on the platform commenced at one o'clock and thirty minutes.

On motion of Comrade Isaac Jelliff, C.V.R. Ludington thanked the veterans for the honor which they had conferred upon him and announced that the exercises would be commenced by the singing of that grand old Star Spangled Banner. The song was finely rendered by a band of singers, numbering about sixty, selected from the musical talent of Monticello.

The Chairman then introduced Rev. C. H. Winchester, Chaplain of Lyons Post, Middletown. The speaker delivered a very witty address and welcomed the people to Sullivan county, which was one of the largest counties of the State as he judged by the crowd and the pleasure all manifested.

The speech of the day was made by L. Coe Young, a member of the 56th Regiment or Tenth Legion, as it was better known. Mr. Young is now a resident of Macon, Georgia. He paid a high compliment to the old Confederate soldiers, eulogizing their bravery, and said they treated their old antagonists, when they come among them, in the most generous manner possible. He declared that the Southern people had buried their animosities, and bloody shirts were, and ought to be, buried with the bitterness and hate of the days that are gone.

Prof. Adams of New York, a composer of military music, and a member of the Auxiliary Corps of the Ohio Commandery, favored the audience with the "Soldiers' Dream," and upon an encore gave the "American Flag," which drew forth salvos of applause from all present.

After the platform exercises were concluded the sham battle was fought on an eminence in a field south of the Park. Not much interest was taken in this feature of the day as the sun was fast sinking below the western hills, and the veterans and visitors were tired.

The "sham" represented the capture of a battery, posted on the highest ground, and continually belching forth--not grape and canister - but harmless reports and the sulphurous smell of gunpowder. At a critical time in the assault on the battery a heavy support of infantry came through the woods on the right of the field and the attacking column was driven back with severe loss. The 'wounded' were borne (*sic*) to the rear where they were promptly cared for by Brigade Surgeon Dunn and Medical Director Hindley.

The evening was spent in dancing on the spacious platform. All expressed satisfaction at the arrangements made by Major Waller and

Clive Weed's Sketches of the 1913 Reunion at Gettysburg



The above sketch by Clive Weed, appeared in the New York Tribune of July 3, 1913, commemorating the fiftieth reunion at Gettysburg. The man on the right is described as: "Micajah Wise from Sullivan County, N. Y., the oldest man in camp -- 112 years of age."

Clipping courtesy of Bert S. Feldman

his subordinates for the celebration, and so far as we have been able to learn there has not been a single censorious or unkind criticism uttered by any individual of the thousands who spent the day at Monticello.

The crowd of people in attendance has been estimated by good judges, military men and civilians at from seven to eleven thousand. There certainly was not less than the former number.

Many different organizations raised and sent into the field from 1861 to '63 were represented. The boys of the old Tenth Legion were in force on the ground with their veteran Colonel, Rockwell Tyler.

Among the visiting veterans were Major A. Kingsland, of one of the New York City regiments, Dr. Sol Van Etten, Surgeon of the 56th; John Mearns, of the 2nd New York Regiment, raised by Colonel Carr. Mr. M. was the man who fired the first shot at the battle of Big Bethel; Adjutant C. Botsford Newkirk, of U. S. Grant Post, Brooklyn; General Alfred Neafle, of Goshen, who commanded an Ulster County regiment in the war; Dwight Divine of Ellenville, and a host of other whose names we cannot recall.

* * *

The Grand Army Reunion in Gettysburg in 1913 however proved too much for James Hadden, 68, who was one of Sullivan County's representatives to the battlefield gathering. Hadden was from Grahamsville. On his way home from the reunion he stopped overnight at a boarding house in South Fallsburg.

Other guests reported next day that the veteran had a nightmare in which he obviously refought one of the battles of the Civil War single-handedly. He moved out into a second-story porch. While making a lunge at the "enemy" he toppled over the railing, suffering two broken wrists and a fracture of the left thigh.

Doctors said he was in "excellent physical shape" and would recover from the mishap.

OLD SOLDIER

BY INEZ GEORGE GRIDLEY



*Anson came limping home to the hillside farm,
Tormented with wounds all the rest of his life
And surrounded with a sort of glory
As we shared the long watches of the Potomac and the
agony of Cemetery Ridge.*

*Old man, grandfather, where are you buried?
With your hand at Cold Harbor,
In the little green graveyard at Willow,
In the old leather-bound chest, or in the
memory of a listening child?*

* * *

In Conclusion

We, of the Sullivan County Centennial Commission in preparing this book have tried to present a glimpse of your heritage. For a brighter future you must not lose touch with the past. Remember, our story is not all glory, nor all tears, nor even remotely complete.

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And last, but certainly not least, my wife, *BARBARA WAKEFIELD*, whose assistance with the reservations preserved us from financial chaos.

*MANVILLE B. WAKEFIELD, Chairman
Sullivan County Civil War Centennial Commission*

APPENDICES

* * *

DURLAND OBITUARY



One of the sad incidents in Mr. Samuel Durland's army life was his inability to aid his brother, Stephen, who fell by the wayside on the long march from Atlanta to the Sea, too ill to go further, and was never heard of thereafter. He wrapped himself in his blanket and probably died of his illness.

Among the battles that Mr. Durland was in were: Cedar Mountain, Va., August 9, 1862; Falman's Ford; Sulphur Springs, Groverton, Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Mud March, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, and Rappahannock.

"Two armies covered hills and plain
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battles recent slaughters."

He was discharged February 3, 1865, at Harper's Ferry and returned to Monticello, where his sweetheart, Miss Sarah Rumsey, had been longing for his return.

In February, 1867 they were married, the Rev. Edward K. Fowler performing the ceremony, and together they took up life's work. They rejoiced together over its successes and mourned together of its sorrows.

Mr. Durland until he retired from business a few years ago was a very active man. He farmed it; sold milk and bought and sold cattle and eighteen years conducted a successful boarding house on the Durland farm.

His wife and seven children survive.

For thirty-five years Mr. Durland had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and was as good a Christian gentleman as he had been a good soldier. Yesterday afternoon they buried him from sight, but not from memory, for his boys and loyal girls in the days to come will sing his praises to their grandchildren, and his neighbors will not soon forget him.

"His summons came to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Durland - Duties not listed in newspaper, but listed in his discharge:

Battle of the Potomac
Duty at Camp Berry
Army of Shenandoah Valley
Duty in Shenandoah Valley
Expedition to Gordonsville
Trans. to 6th Ind. Battery

* * *

THE CAMP IS STRUCK

On April 5, 1938, newspapers carried the report of the death of a well known Sullivan County Civil War veteran, Levi Van Keuren.

Van Keuren died at the home of a relative in New Paltz, Ulster County, at the age of 92. But he lived most of his life in Sullivan County - Glen Wild, Monticello, and Kiamesha - and had volunteered for Union Army duty with the 143rd. Two years before his death, Van Keuren took two rides in a barnstorming airplane in Monticello. A year later he attended the golden wedding anniversary of his son and daughter-in-law.

His death left but one Civil War veteran in Sullivan County - Charles Kniffin of Wurtsboro, whose passing a few years later forever closed the glowing book of dedicated service that was recorded by the men of Sullivan in the tragic war-between-the-states.

* * *

SLAVES IN MONTICELLO

Squire Morrison's Miscellany of 1870 tells us:

"Slavery at the time we speak of, existed in our county. Some of those born in slavery and bequeathed by their masters to some of our citizens are still living. The older citizens of Bloomingburg, Monticello, Fallsburgh, Liberty and Cochecton remember the time when the buying

and the selling of slaves was common in this and adjoining counties and anyone who will take the trouble to look over the second column of the Ulster Gazette will find them advertised for sale, the same as other property.

"One of our judges at one time owned slaves.

"The underground Railroad at one time operated here.

"A Dr. Foote and lady from Virginia of high standing and much wealth, visited Monticello for their health bringing a couple of their favorite slaves with them.

"The man was a sort of Baptist preacher and coachman of their fine carriage in which they toured, the other a beautiful mulatto, the ladies maid. Both had promised to return with their masters after five months sojourn here. The five months slipped away.

"The night before their departure, the goods were all packed and Jonathan Hoyt engaged to take them to New York City in the morning. The coach and family and slaves to follow.

"During the night some one tapped on the window of the man's room, got him out and took him and secreted him some miles north of the village. Measures were taken under advice of counsel and the slave arrested and brought before Peter F. Hunn Esquire Justice. The possession of the slave as property was abundantly proven.

"At this junction of affairs a large group of men marched into Hunn's office and forcibly carried the slave away and secreted him effectually.

"The wench Ona was taken by her owners to New York City on their way to Virginia; there Quakers got hold of her and also secreted her. About twelve years afterward she was seen by a lady of Monticello on a Hudson River steamboat."



*Woodcut of runaway slave
used by printers on
reward posters.*

THOMAS D. COLLINS

Ethel B. Gage in the July 1963 issue of *Views* tells of Medal of Honor winner Thomas D. Collins:

“Thomas D. Collins, a member of Co. H. Born Aug. 15, 1847, at Neversink Flats, Sullivan County, the son of Maurice and Margaret D. Collins, he was one of eight children. He enlisted when he was 15 years old, and was wounded in battle three times during the war.

“He captured a Confederate (*sic*) regimental flag at Resaca, Ga. (*Atlanta campaign*) on May 15, 1864. At Bentonville, S. C., where he was a cavalry scout, he rescued a wounded Union soldier before a Confederate (*sic*) battle line.

The *New York Press* of July 3, 1898, had quite a lengthy column on this heroic act, saying the Rebels shouted to Collins they would not shoot while he was saving his comrade.

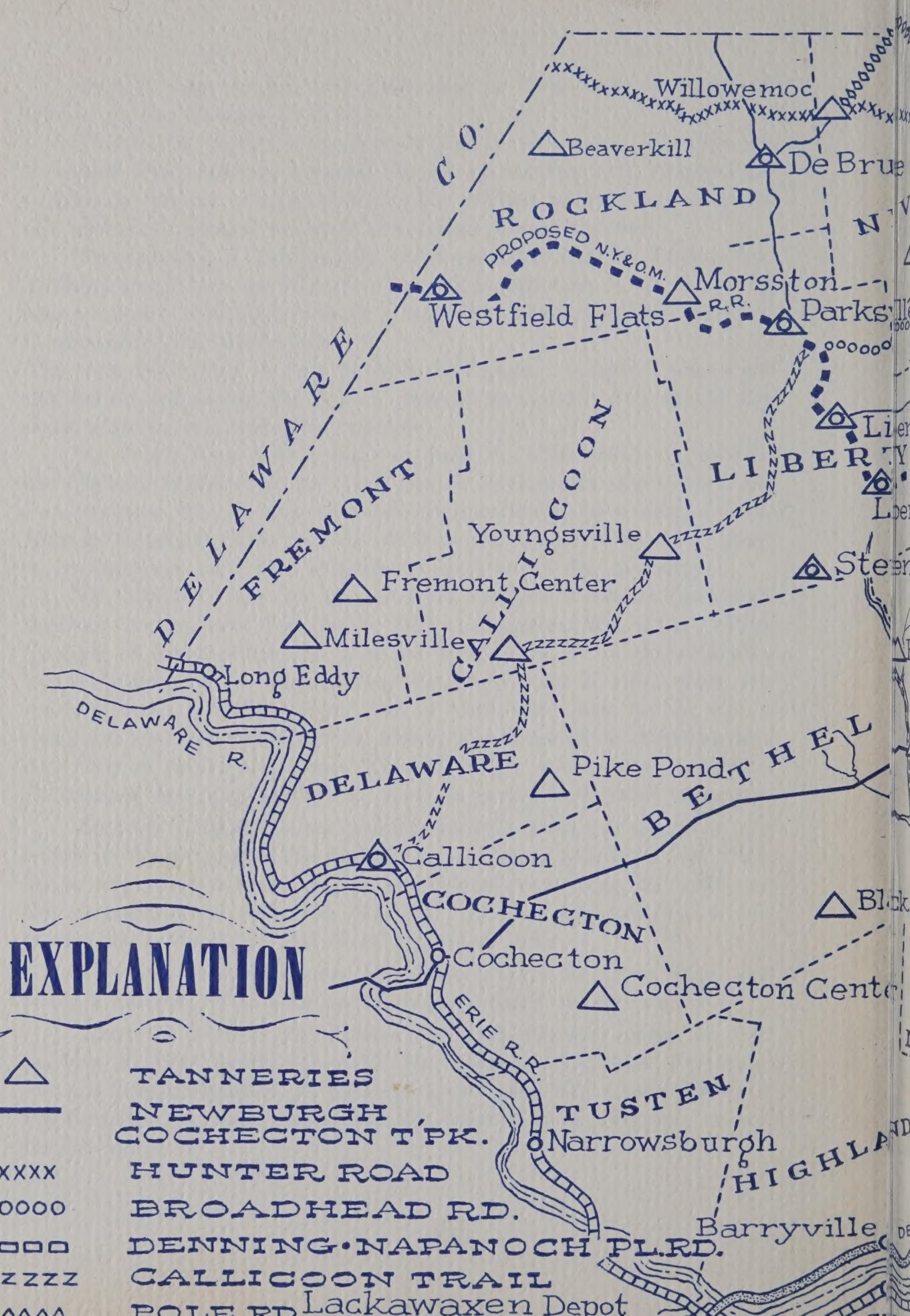
“At Peach Tree Creek, Ga., on July 20, 1864, while an orderly for Captain Wallace of the 101st Illinois Volunteers, he located his own company, Co. H, after they had been enfiladed by a unit of Gen. John B. Hood’s Division and cut off from the Union Army. He rushed to headquarters with this information and saved the campaign.

“On March 3, 1869, he married Ellen Douglas Moore of Rockland, Sullivan County, who died Jan. 5, 1883. A daughter, Mrs. Edna Collins Younger of Johnsonburg, Pa., and two sons, Frank R. of Connellsville, Pa. and James M. of Johnsonburg, Pa., were born of this union. He married Sarah Jane Dewitt in 1885 at Monticello, and by her had a daughter, now Mrs. Lulu Collins Fisher, who lived in Middletown but now lives in California, a son, Thomas D. Jr., and another son, Otis H. Another daughter, Kathryn C. Stern, is buried in Hillside Cemetery.

“Sergeant Collins was the official mourner from this region at the burial in Washington of the Unknown Soldier on Armistice Day, 1921. He was appointed aide-de-camp to the Grand Army Aug. 27, 1920, by the Commander-in-Chief. On May 19, 1919, he was notified of his acceptance in the Army and Navy Legion of Valor.

“He lived on a farm near Livingston Manor for many years and wrote a number of articles on Sherman’s march to the sea.

“Later, he lived at 121 Linden Ave., Middletown, where he died on May 26, 1935, at the age of 87. He is buried in Hillside Cemetery. He was post commander of General Lyons post 266, Grand Army of the Republic, for many years, and the Sarah Collins Tent was named for his wife.”



CIVIL WAR SULLIVAN COUNTY 1861 + 1865



